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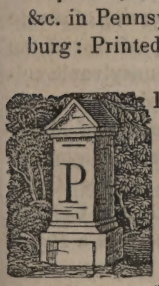
AMERICAN LITERATURE.

An Address, delivered before the Philomathœan and Phrenokosmian Societies of Pennsylvania College. By William M. Reynolds, Professor of Latin Language, &c. in Pennsylvania College. Gettysburg: Printed by H. C. Neinstedt, 1845.



ROFESSOR Reynolds' Address on American literature has but recently been brought under our notice. It is a fair specimen of the average quality of orations pronounced annually, or oftener, before the literary societies which abound in our academies, colleges, and universities, and rejoice in learned and sonorous Greek appellations. It is not on account of its intrinsic excellence that we mean to offer some comments on this production. The reverend professor has in nothing deviated from the beaten track. We remember in our own school-boy days to have heard the same subject treated in the same manner. The argument then, as now, to prove that we have an American literature—the express image of the American mind and character, quite different from the literature of Great Britain—was a long enumeration of writers native to our soil, beginning with Cotton Mather, and terminating with Washington Irving. Prescott and Bancroft were yet unknown to fame, and in this the professor of Pennsylvania college has the advantage over the tyro who swelled our American pride and won our hearty plaudits more than twenty years ago. We take no exceptions, however, to the general argument of the address. We ourselves do firmly believe that we have an *American literature* in the sense in which Professor Reynolds seems to contend for it, namely, that a great many American writers have published a goodly number of books and pamphlets on various subjects, in which not a few of them, particularly the theological writers, have set forth their own individual opinions. Neither do we stop to find

fault with the style, save a few glaring defects, which, in a professor of languages, are scarcely pardonable. We hope that the following passage is not a fair sample of the learning imparted or acquired at Pennsylvania college.

"But the revolution gave a new direction and a new tone to eloquence. The popular movements which preceded that event, the provincial assemblies where it lay in embryo, and the continental congress whence it sprang, armed and immortal, like Minerva from the brain of *Juno*, gave it a fair field, and carried it to perfection."*

The professor thinks he need make no reply to M. De Tocqueville's chapter upon "The inflated style of American writers and authors."† Any one who has read the following extract from the addres will certainly agree with the professor.

"The despotism of the monster Henry VIII, the fires of Smithfield, the mingled vindictiveness of woman and priest in Elizabeth's iron reign, could not terrify, or check, or exterminate the spirit of Christian liberty kindled by Wickliffe, rendered triumphant by Luther, and still farther exalted and emboldened by Calvin and Knox. It enthroned itself among the mountains of Scotland; it crossed the wild and wintry Atlantic, and, placing one foot upon the rock of Plymouth, and the other upon the shore of the Pacific, it claimed the whole intervening continent as the theatre of its exploits, and its inalienable inheritance.‡

It would not be easy to terrify, much less exterminate, a spirit of such colossal—we beg pardon—*continental* proportions. But the writer of such sentences is surely not the man to clear American authorship of the charge of "inflated style." We think little of the professor's judgment, and still less of his pretensions to good taste, when he suggests a comparison between Mr. Webster's clever eulogy of Massachusetts in reply to Mr. Hayne, and that awful adjuration of those who fell at Marathon, to which profane eloquence has produced nothing "similar or second," in ancient or modern times.§

But mere literary criticism is never a primary object with us, and the blemishes just referred to would not offer us sufficient reason for animadverting on the address, were not its author guilty of more serious offences. We charge him with *want of manners, want of liberality,* and *want of due regard to historic truth.*

A professor in a literary institution ought to be a Christian and a gentleman. It is not very Christian to apply offensive epithets to others; no gentleman deals in odious nicknames. It is true that Luther, Calvin, and John Knox, so much admired by Professor Reynolds, have set their followers a bad example in this regard. But, whatever may be thought of their opinions, no one, at least no scholar at the present day, will pretend to justify their manners. Even in controversy nothing is gained by calling persons harsh names. Generally speaking, it is evidence of a bad cause, or of a very weak advocate. In a discourse delivered by a collegiate professor, on a literary festival, and addressed to the young men whom he is professionally bound to train by example no less than by precept, "in the way in which they should go," a violation of the courtesies of life is not only in bad taste, but is a public offence deserving of severe rebuke. The "reverend professor of the Latin language, &c. in Pennsylvania college" holds a different opinion. In his address, the Catholic colonists of Maryland are *Romanists;* their religion is *Romanism:* and, in a note to page 10, we are informed that "Sir George Calvert, first baron of Baltimore, became a *Papist* in the reign of James I." It can not be that the reverend gentleman has descended to this vulgarity in order to round his periods. *Catholic,* or *Roman Catholic,* would have sounded just as well. Nor can it be *that peculiar delicacy of conscience* affected, perhaps really felt, by some few stupid individuals, who are exceedingly scrupulous lest they offend God by manifesting even the slightest liberality or courtesy towards their neighbor, from whom they differ in religion. A professor

* Page 22. † P. 25. ‡ Pp. 7, 8. § P. 25.

of literature and minister of the Gospel ought to be a man of sense as well as of education; and no man of common sense ever could believe it sinful to designate a great religious denomination by that name by which they are known and distinguished, and continually designated by men of every creed all the world over. No Protestant gentleman would ever call a Catholic to his face *a papist*. Why not? Because such language is offensive; because it would be a low and vulgar insult thus to address him. Will a gentleman do that behind my back which he would not do before my face? Will he say that *of me* in a public discourse which he is too courteous to say *to me* in private conversation? Above all, would he, after purposely misnaming me in the text of his oration, slyly slip his still harsher and more vulgar epithet into a foot-note, conscious that it would be too bad to utter it in public, yet unwilling to lose altogether the opportunity of displaying that spirit of little, mean malevolence which commonly actuates those who use insulting epithets, and substitute abusive language for solid arguments? If this reverend professor and minister of the Gospel will not amend his manners to gratify us Catholics, ought he not, at least, to pay some deference to the feelings and wishes of those truly liberal, courteous, and enlightened Protestants who have long since condemned and deprecated such vulgarity? Let him take a lesson in politeness from the Rev. J. Nightingale, an eminent English Protestant divine, who speaks as follows: "The reproachful epithets of 'Papist,' 'Romanist,' 'Popish,' 'Romish,' &c., are no longer applied to them (the Catholics) by any gentleman or scholar." The Rev. Dr. Butler, another Protestant divine, in a sermon preached at Cambridge, at the installation of the duke of Gloucester, says: "Popery, as it is called, is still a fertile theme of declamation to the old women and children of the year 1811. This term Papist is reproachful, conveys an erroneous idea, keeps alive a dishonorable prejudice, and ought to be abolished; nor will I ever believe that man a sincere friend to Christian liberty who persists in the use of it."

The government of the city of London has, in our own day, made the "amende honorable" to the Catholic body, by effacing from the monument, erected after the great fire, an inscription intended to insult and slander the Catholics, but which has in reality but served to perpetuate the infamy of their calumniators; and the same returning sense of shame and justice has caused the Protestant parliament of Great Britain, in all their recent legislation, to designate the Roman Catholics by their true and proper appellation. We would not wish to class a professor of one of our American colleges with the "old women and children" of the year 1846; and we hope that when our author again appears before the public, if ever he shall venture to do so, he will exhibit the manners and spirit of a true Christian and liberal-minded gentleman.

But we have charged him with want of liberality, as well as want of manners. In sustaining the latter charge, we have already proved the former. For additional evidence, however, take the following precious sample from the tenth page of the Address:

"So in Maryland, the force of circumstances made Lord Baltimore—a member of the British aristocracy—the founder of a republican and representative system of government; made him, whose conscience was perhaps in the keeping of a Jesuit confessor, the advocate of toleration and freedom in religion. It was not, we may be sure, his own principles that made this nobleman, still glowing with the zeal of recent conversion to a new faith, an advocate and founder of civil and religious liberty. The Christian will adore in this event the wisdom of that God who 'maketh even the wrath of man to praise him, and restrains the remainder thereof,'" &c.

Some truth is told here, but more is suppressed, and a most uncharitable untruth is insinuated. Lord Baltimore was indeed the founder of civil and religious

liberty; but it should be added that the colony of Maryland was the only one in which civil and religious liberty were practically established, and could be fully enjoyed by Catholics and by Protestants of every variety of creed. Whatever may have been the theoretic opinions of Roger Williams, in point of fact the *Catholic was not free to serve God according to the dictates of his conscience in any part of New England.* He was not free from molestation even under the mild sway of the peaceful founder of Pennsylvania. But in Catholic Maryland a perfectly secure asylum for liberty of conscience was prepared for the dissenters of every degree, who were persecuted in Virginia, and for the Episcopalian, the Quaker, and the Baptist, who were exposed to be *scourged* and *hung*, if they dared to remain in any of the Puritan colonies. So much for the facts of the case, which are beginning to be familiar to the school boy, and ought not to be unknown to the learned professor. But now for the spirit of the reverend gentleman's remarks. He admits that Lord Baltimore was "an advocate and founder of civil and religious liberty." It is a bitter pill—a nauseous dose; but there is no avoiding it. So he admits the fact; but he maligns the motives and principles of the man whose conduct he is forced to commend. "It was not," he says, "we may be sure it was not his own principles that made this nobleman an advocate and founder of civil and religious liberty." Whose principles then was it? Surely not Luther's, who never tolerated opposition to his will, and who aroused the princes of Germany to exterminate the followers of Munzer. Not the principles of Calvin, the tyrant of Geneva, who maintained the doctrine that heretics must be burnt, and practised it on Servetus. Not the principles of John Knox, the church burner of Scotland, whom Dr. Johnson justly characterized as "the ruffian of the reformation." Above all, not the principles of the Puritans, who never had power, that they did not use it to persecute all who differed from them in belief. The old and safe rule has been to judge a man by his actions. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Prof. Reynolds rejects this rule, and with reason; for, tried by it, his standard-bearers of "Christian liberty," Luther, Calvin, Knox, and the Puritans, are a set of arrant persecutors, who, while they claimed liberty for themselves, gave the halter and the fagot to all who dissented from them. Ah! but the conscience of Lord Baltimore "was perhaps in the keeping of a Jesuit confessor." What a pity it was not in the keeping of some disciple of Luther, Calvin, or Knox! Then he most certainly would not have been "the advocate of toleration and freedom in religion." A man of really liberal mind—one who would not form his opinion of the Jesuits from their libellers, who would rather conclude in favor of a society from the fact that its enemies are generally the enemies of all religion and of all morality—such a man on seeking the historic proof that where Jesuits had the direction of consciences, there civil and religious liberty flourished, would infer that those Jesuits at least were enlightened, liberal, and humane. But this would be judging the tree by its fruits—a rule which the revilers of the Jesuits and the eulogists of the Puritans never will submit to. Having done the little that he could, or thought he could do, to blacken the fair fame of Lord Baltimore and the Catholic colonists of Maryland, the reverend professor, like the Pharisee of old, feels pious and thankful to the Lord, and quotes from holy writ to give an air of Gospel truth to his misrepresentations.

> E'en ministers, they ha'e been kenn'd
> In holy rapture,
> Arousing whid betimes to vend,
> And nail it wi' Scripture.

We could give other proofs of the writer's illiberality. On the seventeenth page we are told: "The Anabaptists, the Quakers, and various other *fanatics* sought a refuge in America." What

right has a Lutheran or a Calvinist to call the Quakers *fanatics?* With what grace does such a charge come from the encomiast of the Puritans? But, passing over smaller matters, we come to another glaring misrepresentation of history, with a brief notice of which we shall conclude.

"The French encyclopedists," says the Address,* "and followers of Voltaire were the natural offspring of the superstition of Romanism, and of the licentious reign of Louis XIV."

The licentious reign of Louis XIV, and the still more licentious times of Louis XV and the regency, no doubt did much to demoralize the French people, and prepare the way for wide-spread infidelity. But we have to do with the former part of the sentence. By the *superstition of Romanism*, the professor means the doctrines and practices of the Catholic church. How does he know that any of these doctrines or practices are superstitious? Is he an infallible judge? He does not pretend to be so. Is his reason better authority than mine—better than that of the great majority of Christians? Does he know it from the Bible? How? The Bible does not teach *us so*. But it is *his* interpretation of the Bible. Is his interpretation infallible? May it not be mistaken? How then dares he, on the strength of his own fallible and weak opinion, stigmatize as superstition the belief and practice of thousands of men more learned and better than himself? To come to the point, however, there never was a grosser mistake than to represent the infidelity of Voltaire and the French encyclopedists as the offspring of the Roman Catholic religion. History proves modern infidelity to have sprung from Protestantism, and reason shows it to be her genuine progeny. Lord Herbert, of Cherbury, brought up a Protestant in Protestant England, first systematized deism. He was followed by Hobbs, Blount, Toland, Lord Shaftesbury, Collins, Woolston, Tindal, Morgan, Hume, Chubb, and Lord Bolingbroke. Their works were read, admired, and some of them translated in France and the north of Germany; and the French and German infidels were for a long time "mere echoes of their English masters." When Luther generously bestowed on all mankind the glorious privilege of interpreting the Bible, each man for himself, the immediate and natural effect was, that among those who accepted the gift, there arose almost as many interpretations as interpreters. It was in vain that he tried to coax or compel their private judgments to conform to his; it was in vain that he condemned them to the flames of hell for disputing his infallibility. His fatal gift was, like Pandora's box, irrecoverable. Immediately we hear him complaining that some of his disciples deny this truth, and some that; and some even are bold enough to reject the two great mysteries of the trinity and redemption. For rejecting these mysteries Servetus was burnt by Calvin's direction at Geneva, and Gentilis was executed at Berne. But still the principle of private interpretation worked its way. Lutheranism, Calvinism, and Zuinglianism were its first fruits. Socinianism came in its turn. It was one branch of the "great reformation." It expunged mysteries, especially the divine incarnation, the redemption, and the trinity, from the Christian symbol. It had as good a right to its interpretation of the Bible as any other sect. Its arguments against the divinity of Jesus Christ were precisely the arguments of Zuingle, and Bucer, and Calvin against his real presence in the eucharist. "This is my body; this is my blood," is a figure of speech: it means "*this is not my body, is not my blood,*" said most of the reformers. "The *word* was made flesh is also figurative," said Socinus. "Transubstantiation is not named in the Bible. Neither is a divine incarnation. The incomprehensible must be rejected." "Agreed," exclaim all the Socinians, Unitarians, rationalists, neologists, deists, and atheists in the world. "The senses testify to the presence of nothing but bread

*P. 30.

and wine in the eucharist." "So the senses testified to the presence of nothing but a human child in the manger, and a dying man on the cross." The deist and atheist again concur with the Protestant.

But if private judgment is all-sufficient to determine the sense of revelation, it is, *a fortiori*, qualified to decide on the truth and necessity of a revelation; again, a revelation, the doctrines of which can not be infallibly ascertained, is no revelation. Protestantism, or the principle of individual interpretation, has produced hundreds of contradictory creeds, no two of which can be right, though all may be wrong. "There is no such a thing as an infallible church; that notion is one of 'the superstitions of Romanism;' there is no infallible creed; no absolute certainty that any doctrine is true." "Then I do not know with infallible certainty that the books of the Old and New Testament are inspired."

Such are the thoughts that must pass through the mind of every Protestant who, true to the principle of private judgment, does not take his faith implicitly from his minister or his parents, but reasons for himself. He may very naturally conclude that no revelation has been given us. His infidelity is but the development of the Protestant spirit of doubt and denial. He is only *protesting* against a few more mysteries. Herbert, and Hobbs, and Voltaire, Dalembert, Diderot were good Protestants in principle. They read the Bible, interpreted, each one according to his own private judgment, and submitted it to the authority of reason, which (such was their private judgment) rejected its claims to inspiration, and its pretensions to consistency and truth. They were not the children of Catholicity, which, true to their origin and native instincts, they hated and warred against with all their force. They were the natural, the genuine offspring of Protestantism. And they glory in their descent from it; they hail Martin Luther as the emancipator of human reason. They have merely carried out his principles to their ultimate consequences.

We may hereafter return to this subject, which is too fruitful and instructive a theme to be disposed of incidentally in noticing a literary address. Professor Reynolds would do well to study history and the connection of cause and effect, before he ventures again to trace the genealogy of modern infidelity.

In regard to the subject of Professor Reynolds' Address, we think an "American literature," viewed as something altogether different in character from "English literature," is a dream never to be realized. We have writers unsurpassed by any British writers of the present day. Irving, Bryant, Prescott, Brownson, Story and Bancroft are of this number. But their pre-eminence arises in great part from their study of the best British models, and their care to draw from the good old "wells of English undefiled." We speak and write the language of Shakspeare and Milton, of Dryden, Pope, Goldsmith, and Burke. We never can have any other than an English literature. The narrow, selfish, pitiful spirit of nativism can never be introduced into our literature. But we hope the day may come, and we think it is advancing, when the English literature of North America shall be as a great ocean, into which the British isles shall pour their tributary streams.

THE CHRISTMAS HOLYDAYS IN ROME.

The Christmas Holydays in Rome. By the Rev. Wm. Ingraham Kip, A. M., author of "the Double Witness of the Church," "the Lenten Fast," &c. &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1845.

ROM the title of this book the reader would expect something more than a common-place description of Roman scenery and church ceremonies. We say common-place, for, after diligently searching the volume, we have been led to the conclusion that the author passed a few brief months in the eternal city, going through it for the purpose of sight-seeing, with the guide-book in his hands, and a chance cicerone for his companion. In vain do we look for the grave, inquiring, theological spirit; in vain do we hope to encounter, at least here and there, any thing like erudite ecclesiastical criticism, such as might become a "churchman" who had written a book on "the double witness of the church," and who affects to be a deep thinking man. The truth is that this work is little more than a "repetitâ crambe," served up, in order to *take* the better, under a winning title, although, in fact, there is more about the ancient ruins and classic monuments of Rome than about the "holydays." It should, with more propriety, be entitled "rambles about Rome during the Christmas holydays." He, indeed, informs us, in the preface, that he "has paid some attention to the antiquities of the city, and dwelt particularly upon ecclesiastical matters relating to the church." Just as much as any other traveller, who hurries around from place to place, and, during the services in the Sixtine chapel, looks on as though he were witnessing an exhibition on the stage. As an evidence of the very impartial dispositions which he carried with him in all his wanderings, let himself speak:

"The church of Rome is indeed *deformed by many fearful errors*, which often strike at the very *cardinal doctrines of our faith*, but she has also retained much that is Catholic. These are the very things which render the system so dangerous, enabling it to charm the imagination, and retain its hold on the mind, while its influence is *withering to the best interests* of our race. The writer has *therefore* endeavored to look at the church of Rome without prejudice, and, while his investigation strengthened the view he had of the practical working of that system, he still has not withheld his tribute of praise from any thing he saw which was truly Catholic."

What are these "fearful errors?" At what "cardinal doctrines" do they strike? How much "that is Catholic" is retained? To what is the system so dreadfully "dangerous?" To what "best interests of our race" has it been so terribly "withering?" These are queries which, in limine, we put to the author, and to which he has not attempted to give a satisfactory reply throughout his work. The time has come when men of serious minds and candid hearts require something more than futile assertion and traditionary abuse, especially at the hands of those whom they were taught to regard as their instructors. There are too many great and pious "churchmen" at this juncture seeking a safe asylum in the bosom of the church of Rome to authorize this flippant rhodomontade against her "fearful errors" and "withering influence."

Our author enters Rome in the usual manner—well "fleeced," and, no doubt, on this account in rather a bad humor. No wonder then that, in making his way to St. Peter's, he could see nothing but a "miserable population, deeply demoralized, and crushed to the earth by indi-

gence," p. 37. How he could have discovered so suddenly, having just put foot among them for the first time, their "demoralized condition," we will not pretend to imagine. The streets were "narrow and winding," *therefore* the people who inhabited them must, according to all rules of logic, have been "demoralized."

Determined to differ from the ordinary herd of travellers, he informs us that his first impressions of St. Peter's were not those of disappointment. Most strangers expect too much; he expected too little, probably not willing to allow himself to believe that Rome could produce any thing beyond the conceptions of his own mind. But, admiring the material, he deplores the absence of the spiritual, in, however, rather a contradictory way. For he acknowledges that there is a "spirit" in that church, although its "life is gone," p. 40. He will be best able to explain how spirit can exist without life.

Among the *dead things* with which this magnificent basilick is strewn, he notices particularly the confessional boxes, "for every language," and forgetting, by surprise as it were, the errors of Rome, for which he has no sympathy, (Rome has less sympathy with his,) he makes this inconsistent acknowledgment:

"Thus the wanderer from every land, who worships in these rites, beholds provision made for his spiritual wants. He comes to what he regards as the mother church of Christendom, and learns that he is not a stranger or an alien. He can unburthen himself to a priest of his own land, and the consolations of faith are doubly sweet when conveyed to him in the familiar words of his own tongue wherein he was born."*

Here he admits that in confession there are to be found the consolations of faith: the confessional, therefore, is the offspring of faith, and consequently a divine institution. If so, why have these consolations been discarded from Protestantism? and why can our traveller have no sympathy with such sacred and admirable principles of true religion? How, in the midst of such influences, which his own prejudices can not resist, does he presume to say that the church has "fallen from the simplicity of faith." His own heart revolts from the expression of his lips; for in that heart he feels the "far-reaching wisdom of the church—that, overlooking the distinction of climate and country, and recognizing her field of labor to extend wherever there is a degraded being to listen to her message." Is not such a church Catholic, since there is no realm over which her spirit of charity and zeal is not unquestionably diffused!

From the magnificent grandeur and beauty of the temple, his eye turned with pain to the inscription on the front: In honorem St. Petri. At this we are seriously amazed; we are astounded to find a "churchman" who knows that in our own country Protestant churches bear precisely a similar inscription, if not on stone, at least implied by the fact of their being dedicated under the name of some of the apostles. Let the worshippers in St. John's, St. Luke's, St. Clement's, and others in the city of New York speak for themselves on this subject, and they will not only condemn but wonder at the scandal of Rev. Mr. Kip in this particular.

Another object of horror to his scrupulous mind is the antique bronze statue of St. Peter which, for more than a thousand years, has been venerated at Rome. The old stories about Jupiter and his metamorphosis are repeated, and the stereotyped tale about kissing the toe is again told for the hundred thousandth time, with the addition of a very philosophical question: "Has the Romanist any reason to laugh at the poor Mussulman who performs a pilgrimage to Mecca to kiss the black stone of the Caaba!" In reply to which we will merely say that we would be at a loss to know which to "laugh" at more, the superstition of the Mahometan, or the ignorance of the "churchman" who puts forth so silly and profane an interrogatory. The church that has preserved the ancient

* P. 44.

music, which he listened to with such unmingled delight and rapture, knows why she rears the venerable statue where it sternly presides—a link of the present with the past; and the faithful of Rome understand the meaning of a ceremony (a mere ceremony after all) which our traveller identifies with the rites of Mecca. Hear how he speaks of the vespers, at which, for once at least, his "expectations were more than realized."

"It was the first time we heard the pope's choir, so celebrated throughout the world. They still use the old austere chants of surpassing beauty, which have been handed down to them through centuries—the Lydian and Phrygian tunes, first introduced into the western churches by St. Ambrose. St. Augustine listened to them in the church of Milan when he represents himself as being melted to tears, and even expressed the fear lest such harmonious airs might be too tender. . . Mingled with these were the richer Roman chaunts which were collected by Gregory the Great, and bear his name. They sang the Psalm for the evening, and I rejoice that I knew they were uttering inspired words, for the music, as it swept by us in a perfect flood of harmony, seemed too sweet and heavenly to be addressed to any but God alone."*

And, nevertheless, while the ancient chant of the fathers burst upon his ravished ears, and the inspired words which accompanied it sinks into his subdued heart, he can not cease to play the Protestant by near "what is called" the tomb of St. Peter. He thought what would be the feelings of the humble fisherman of Galilee could he rise from his martyr-grave! Just the very expression which a Voltaire might use with regard to the Christian religion itself as it now is seen in its gorgeous development throughout the world under various denominations, or a Methodist with regard to the English church in her united splendor of regal and hierarchical ceremonial under the dome of St. Paul's. Would Peter recognise more easily a successor in the queen-head of that church, or in the magnificent pomp of the archbishop of Canterbury, than in Gregory XVI? All this palinodia about the primitive simplicity of the fisherman and the brilliant grandeur of the popes means nothing; otherwise the whole practical operation of Christianity at the present day, so different from that of the earliest period of its existence, would be in the hands of the skeptic an irrefutable argument against its divinity.

Passing from the church to the Sixtine chapel, our traveller next attends the service with "exemplary patience." Such patience was, in effect, indispensable in one who every where appears doomed to disappointment. Gaping about the scene and intent upon any thing but devotion, he catches the rising music, "but I confess I was disappointed." Open confession, they say, is good for the soul: but in this case it betrays a want of taste and of approbation which would be more characteristic of a barbarian than of a refined churchman from Albany! Whilst he acknowledges that his inability to participate in the spirit of the services proceeded from his ignorance of them, and, while the earnest Catholics were engaged in prayer, he sat "scrutinizing the cardinals," and, marvellous to relate, discovered that they had "magnificent heads" on their shoulders. Sight-seeing was the occupation of Rev. Mr. Kip, as it is of all Protestant visiters in Rome, and his greatest anxiety was how to get "an excellent view of every thing which took place." No wonder, then, considering the dispositions with which he attended the services at St. Peter's, that he answered the question put to him by a friend:

"Did you derive much spiritual benefit from them?"

"Yes; indirectly I received much; for it taught me to realize the value of our own services as I never did before; and I trust, therefore, to use them for the rest of my life with greater benefit. IT IS THE CONTRAST BETWEEN THE CHURCH IN THE DAYS OF LEO X, AND IN THE TIME OF CONSTANTINE!"*

Invaluable discovery! The service in English, according to the rites of the Brit-

*P. 49.

*P. 67.

ish reformer, to whom "he never felt so grateful," is that of the days of Constantine. The book of Common Prayer was used, forsooth, by Athanasius, Eusebius, Osius of Corduba, &c., whilst the "heathen ritual" of Rome was first introduced by Sadolet, Vida, and other benighted satellites of Leo X. This is the amount of our learned and unprejudiced traveller's sagacious "contrast." What would a Presbyterian or Baptist Protestant have thought of the services of the "British chapel" beyond the *Porta del popolo?*

Our traveller can not bear relics—that is, when he is not in a good humor; for, although he ridicules almost all ecclesiastical remains as "legends," still he condescends to recognise as authentic many "objects of interest belonging to the early Christians—their personal ornaments, the sepulchral lamps, paintings, and the instruments of torture by which so many suffered martyrdom."*

Was it Protestantism, under any of its myriads of forms, that preserved these relics? or was it for Protestantism that "they counted not their lives dear unto themselves, when they *were to be* preserved by apostacy from Christ?" If so, for what *sect* did they suffer martyrdom? This is a vital question; because the primitive martyrs are claimed as much by the disciples of Wesley as by those of Cranmer.

The next step was to be introduced to his holiness Pope Gregory XVI, with whom, too, Mr. Kip was, as usual, disappointed, because Gregory is not Hildebrand, because "his features are exceedingly heavy, because the expression of his eyes is one of sleepiness, and last, though not *least* of all, because his nose is too large!" He considers the pope a good natured old gentleman. It would be a curious thing to know what the pope thought of him. Of the manner of introduction hear himself:

"In we *marched* in procession, headed by the consul in full uniform; the ladies next the gentlemen bringing up the rear, and found ourselves in a *long room*, at the upper end of which, leaning against a table, stood the two hundred and fifty-eighth SUCCESSOR OF ST. PETER."*

He did not kiss the great toe. By no means; this *degrading* ceremony is required only of *Romanists*—a "churchman" from the United States bows only: because Caligula once enforced the style of kissing the emperor's foot, and, therefore, the pope and Caligula are upon a *par*, and the slaves of the pagan tyrant not worse than those of the Roman pontiff. This is the implied reasoning of Mr. Kip, who, withal, acknowledges that Gregory XVI is the successor of St. Peter.

The conversation turned on the Philadelphia riots, and, amazing indeed, the pope knew something about Texas. Again Mr. Kip is disappointed in perceiving that Gregory had some knowledge of geography:

"His knowledge of the geography of our country *rather* surprised me, at the time, but I afterwards learned that he had formerly been for many years prefect of the Propaganda, during which time the whole foreign correspondence was submitted to him, and he is, therefore, *somewhat* acquainted of those parts of the United States in which there are Roman Catholic missionaries."†

But his geographical knowledge does not, unfortunately, diminish the "antiquated prejudices of his church," one of which is against rail roads. How *ancient* such prejudice may be, I need not stop to examine; and the only reason assigned for his not allowing a rail road to be constructed in the papal dominions is the fear of the "court," lest "its subjects, having too great facilities for travelling," might lose their faith. If theirs be the *true faith*, and such facilities should endanger it, Mr. Kip ought to be the last to find fault with the "edict" of the pope. But what danger can there be, when the question is about having a rail road through the "papal dominions," in which there exists but one and the same faith? There

*P. 90. *P. 103. †P. 104.

must be some other motive, which Mr. Kip does not understand. But, at any rate, the prejudice against rail roads can not be a very "antiquated prejudice of his church." Foreigners have every facility of reaching Rome, and of bringing with them, too, their vices and errors; and though it must be admitted that they scatter much money about the city, still the experience of past centuries contradicts the futile assertion that, "should all visiters abandon it *for three years*, the city would be given up to famine."

In concluding his seventh chapter, our author breaks forth into the following exclamation:

"What a strange spectacle does this history of the popedom present! Aged men, reigning but a short time; insulated individuals (that is, like St. Paul, having no wives and families), deriving no claim from relationship to those who went before them (no more than our presidents), and yet, amid all the changes of the world, bequeathing their authority to those who come after them. The *unbroken line* stretches back from him whom we saw in the Vatican to those bishops 'appointed unto death,' who ruled the Christians of the imperial city when they met in the catacombs of St. Sebastian, or died as martyrs in the Flavian amphitheatre. Perhaps *seventeen centuries* ago some of the predecessors of Gregory XVI .... were unconsciously standing on the very spot where their own magnificent St. Peter's was afterwards founded."*

If so, how did our traveller, a few pages above, assert that his religion was that of the Romans seventeen centuries ago, and in the days of Constantine? Does he forget this contradiction? And if Gregory traces back to the earliest period of the church, it must necessarily have been to that church which acknowledges his supremacy. Talk as he may about the change in "the apostolic office;" if there be any argument in this, it is, as I before remarked, more powerful in the hands of the infidel against all Christianity, than in his against the ancient apostolic church. His sighing for unity means only the longing to see the Catholic church adapting herself to Protestantism — the vain aspiration of a prejudiced and superficial mind. Unity, in his estimation, means the extinction of the ancient doctrines, and the blending of the whole world in the vague and negative conceits of *his form* of Protestantism.

In order to throw from himself every possible imputation of a *penchant* towards Rome, he gives the decided preference to the Greek over the Latin ritual. The authority of the Rev. F. W. Faber, whom he quotes, should have some weight in the world of polemics and taste, notwithstanding his "overweening admiration of Rome." That excellent man did not dare to criticise the liturgies of the two churches; unlike, in this respect, the presumptuous traveller who cites him, and still more so in the deep sincerity he has since evinced in embracing the faith of the Latin church. But he has only followed the examples of the Newmans, the Wards, the Oakeleys, and many other eminent and profoundly learned churchmen, who, after a thorough investigation of the whole question, have been driven, from conviction, into the arms of Rome. Mr. Kip, however, after his experience, is only the more confirmed in the errors which he has not research enough to perceive, or consistency enough to discard. But what could be expected from a Christian traveller who confesses that he visited one of the ancient churches on the festival of the Epiphany, not to profit by the religious ceremonies, but because it was here that the idea of writing the most pernicious book that infidelity ever gave birth to first entered into the mind of Gibbon.

"My principal interest in this building (the *ara cœli*) arose from its connection with Gibbon, whose fascinating narrative must so often recur to the mind while dwelling in the eternal city. .... To the Romanist, on the contrary, this church derives its veneration from a miraculous wooden figure of the infant Saviour, called the *Santissimo Bambino*."*

* P. 108.

* P. 132.

Which of these objects was more becoming—that of the Protestant visiter, or that of the Catholic devotee? Does the former prefer the fascinating poison of infidelity, concealed under the most elegant and classic irony, to the simple and innocent devotion under the influence of faith, exercised by the believing Catholic? Would it not be better for the world that the "Decline and Fall" had never been written? And what injury to the world have the devotions of the pious Roman ever caused? Devotions, however, which can not be felt or understood by the cold and formal, and undramatic monotonies of the Protestant worshipper.

Mr. Kip is better pleased at the *Propaganda*, from which famous college the missionaries of Rome have gone forth to all the nations of the earth, diffusing those Catholic principles which, in an unbiassed mood of mind, he could not help admiring.

"I counted (among the students) five Chinese and two Africans. Yet here they all sat singing together the praises of their common Lord. Surely it must be acknowledged that, in this respect, Rome carries out her own *Catholic principles*, and declares, not only in words, but by actions, that 'God hath made of one blood all the nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth.' She recognises no distinctions of climate or country in the house of God"*

The transitions of his mind and feelings from praise to censure, from the "Catholic principles" to Protestant prejudices, are so frequent and rapid that we can hardly follow his erratic and incongruous narrative. He hears the Capuchin's sermon in the Colisseum with edification, but when an American vicar general delivers another, in English, in the church of *St. Andrea della Valle*, (of which he took notes,) he states that it would be difficult for him to give any idea of the *ingenious evasions* of the vicar general, the shrewd and cunning manner in which he left the audience to infer things which he *did not dare* boldly say; and the *false impressions* he conveyed by only half stating a fact. Who the vicar general may be we do not exactly know, but suspect it must have been Dr. Hayden, who (if this surmise be correct, and he chance to fall upon this work) will be best able to sustain his point, and fling back upon his critic the "mistake" with which he is charged in ecclesiastical history. And, at the same time, he will have an "opportunity of explaining" to the ignorant, and proving to the disingenuous, how the church maintained her unity, despite the existence of the Port Royalists, and the feuds between the Jesuits and the Jansenists. He will not, however, be able to retort upon Mr. Kip that he *did not dare speak boldly;* for our "churchman," with an arrogance peculiar to heretics, *dares to say* any thing that comes into his head: writing *pel mel*, in a hasty, unfinished style, and with a shallow, confused idea of Rome and Rome's faith, proving more and more the truth of Mr. Seager's rebuke to the editor of the London Times, who asserted that that convert from the church of England regretted his precipitate step: "You know as much about the doctrines of the church of Rome as the Esquimaux Indians!" No wonder then at his remarks about the "superstitious feeling which led to the *worship* of the Virgin, who was more and more surrounded with those emblems that exalted her at last to *adoration* as the queen of heaven." Are we, at this time of day, to inform Mr. Kip that we repudiate all undue worship of Mary, and must be under the necessity of ranking him among the "Esquimaux" of Mr. Seager, when he talks about our *adoration* of a creature? We understand better than he does the precept, *the Lord thy God shalt thou adore.* We are mortified at the profane flippancy of an individual who boasts of being a minister of the ancient church with which he accuses the "disciples of St. Basil of having given the last degradation to this solemn subject (representing Christ in agony upon the cross), and of spreading through western Christendom the memo-

*P. 133.

rials of the passion which were only of the earth, earthly." But we are consoled with the reflection that all this verbiage is occasioned from the fact of Mr. Kip's conviction that the customs of the Catholic church of our days were those of the era of St. Basil, and as St. Basil is consequently identified with our church, Mr. Kip, rather than find fault with his for throwing aside those primitive practices, must necessarily speak disparagingly of a father of the early times. This is the character of Protestant logic!

Among the numberless extraordinary assertions of our traveller, we were particularly startled at this one: "we derive from the catacombs most of the information we have with regard to Christian symbolism." Now we were under the impression that the catacombs contained no dissertations on creeds: there was but one when they received into their dark chambers the bodies of the martyred faithful. Inscriptions there are, and inscriptions breathing a spirit of faith which was never to be extinguished, and of hope which was to be realized only in the realms of immortality. And emblems, too, survive the revolution of centuries, not expressive of a "simple faith" in contradistinction to the faith of modern Rome, but of the cause in which they shed their blood. This morbid insinuation would better befit a Calvinist, in some anniversary harangue on the "simple faith" of his "Pilgrim Fathers," than an Episcopal minister, and a reputed Puseyite, meditating on the Roman catacombs. Nor would he emerge from these subterranean recesses without insulting, as he withdrew, the memory of the saints there entombed, by charging their brethren of the present church, who are in communion with them, with the crime of idolatry. "Their respect for her who was blessed among women," he asserts, "gradually deepened into *adoration.*" Absurd repetition of an absurd accusation! The shade of ignorance and prejudice which surrounded the mind and heart of this superficial traveller *deepens* as he advances into nonsense and abuse, and his "Holidays" in Rome are fit only to hold a place with the idle tourists who visit foreign countries (as Dickens and Trollope visited the United States) only to concoct a volume of misrepresentation and calumny. This we have shown only in part: in a future paper we shall conclude our task.

THE OTTAWAS AT MACKINAW.*

BY PROFESSOR DUCATEL.

HAVING despatched our morning's allowance of fish, we called first upon Mr. Abbott, who received us with a great deal of courtesy. We regretted to learn from him that the fur-trade is not at this moment in a flourishing condition, at least at this spot. Hence, accompanied by Capt. Williams and Lieut. Woodruff, we paid our respects to Capt. Galt, by whom we were received with equal civility and politeness.

"These visits being paid, and N. having brought along his barometer, we ascended to the site of Fort Holmes, where the adepts became engaged in making observations to determine the greatest elevation of the island above the waters of the strait. Whilst they were thus occupied, I refreshed myself with a bird's-eye view of the island and surrounding waters from along the central ridge upon which Fort Holmes is situated, and found occasion to

* From a Note-book of Travels with the late Mr. Nicollet, in 1841.

make some inquiries about the Indians from a young gentleman who accompanied me. I had at one time an exceedingly picturesque and pleasing sight of small fleets of Indian canoes, some with sails, some without, bearing the remnant of those who had not yet dispersed from the gathering to their residences at the 'Petit' and 'Grand Traverse,' and at 'l'Arbre Croche' (crooked tree). When I first beheld them they seemed to be steering their course, in two separate fleets, very determinately to their destination; but they were soon observed suddenly to come together when near the middle of the strait. Inquiring the cause of this manœuvre, I was told they were about to offer a sacrifice, which consisted in libations of rum into the water. I asked if they thus sacrificed the whole of what remained to them of liquor before returning home, but learned that they threw away but a few drops. Their uncontrollable fondness for ardent spirits is a source of great evil to themselves; for, though when under the influence of liquor they remain inoffensive to the whites, they quarrel, wrangle, and fight among themselves with great brutality, sometimes with fatal results; which would oftener be the case, did not the squaws, when they perceive these revels coming on, take the precaution to hide the knives and other weapons from the men. They were represented to me, however, as at all times honest and truthful; and the women are said to be scrupulously reserved, modest and chaste."

I will here add a few observations of my own concerning them, which I had occasion myself to make during our stay at Mackinaw. For although, as I said before, we arrived too late to see the whole gathering, there were enough remaining to give some idea of the Ottawas as they now appear on such occasions. The word *otoway*, N. informs me, signifies *ear*. Why they have chosen this name, or why it has been applied to them, I know not; but hence it is, no doubt, that the French call them "*courtes oreilles*;" though I did not remark about them any peculiarity in this respect. At present they have evidently much mixed blood among them; and, indeed, nearly half of the moving population of the island is what are termed *half-breeds*. Some writers, I think, have stated that the hair of the Indian seldom becomes gray in old age; we saw two venerable looking personages of this small party, an old man and an old woman, who thus most unequivocally exhibited the effects of time. Among the young men and women many of them were well looking and well dressed, *à leur façon;* the former with leggins secured by garters made of large beads, worked moccasins, and a blanket or fold of fine broadcloth; the girls, with calico dresses, either a blanket or a cloth shawl of ample dimensions, with a profusion of beads around the head, neck, wrists, and ankles, for ordinary *belles;* whilst with those of more pretensions a *mantilla* of superfine broadcloth, most generally black, seemed to be more *recherché*. A great number of children were playing with hoops and tops about the streets and on the beach, leaping from boat to boat, or climbing up the piers of the wharf. They seemed to be greatly indulged by every one; though, like our own children, they are full of fun, frolic and mischief. I saw two or three of them throwing stones into a tent that was opened at top, seemingly enjoying the mischievous sport very much, at which a well-looking squaw came out, and picking up a stone, threw it at them, but with such an air of nonchalance and smiling, that she was evidently not very angry. All these children were well made, and had a healthful appearance. Most of the young men and women had prepossessing countenances—intelligent and cheerful. On one occasion, when N. and I were making some observations, attracted by the sight of the instruments, several of them gathered around us, and far from manifesting any feeling of wonder or awe, seemed more inclined to consider it as a droll and novel figure in the "medicine

dance." They kept constantly chattering and giggling; whilst a youth of short stature, but well made, with a sharp nose and keen piercing eyes, neatly dressed, and wearing a broad brim hat with a feather in it, occasionally set them laughing by some dryly made, no doubt humorous, remark. He seemed the "Bob Logic" of the party.

"Judging of the Ottawas by the preceding sketch, they would appear in a favorable light; but there are some drawbacks, and that is principally when they are intoxicated. This, I was told, had been the case with the greater number of them, both men and women, during their recent sojourn at the post. They are then intrusive and exceedingly annoying. Among those that remained I saw several greatly intoxicated. One was a young man of uncommonly fine proportions; in his sober moments, doubtless, a remarkable man, the son, I was told, of a chief—worthy by his looks to be a descendant of Pontiac—he, too, came staggering down to his tent, into which, however, he had sense enough left to retreat, and hide himself. As he entered it, there came out three young women and a squaw with her child. The child was placed half naked upon the beach, and seemed to make itself quite contented with watching the burning of some chips that had been just kindled, while the squaw set about cleaning some fish. In the meanwhile the young women, who were all well dressed, two of them, who seemed sisters, more richly than the third, were engaged in romping, pinching, tickling, pelting each other with small pebbles, and jabbering with the greatest hilarity. They appeared to be so contented, that I then understood and believed what I had before heard with not a little skepticism, that there had been in the encampment of this year a young woman educated in New York and in Detroit with the greatest care, brought up in luxury, who had preferred to return to the habits of her nation, abandoning a comfortable room, carpets and feather bed for the seemingly cheerless, damp and exposed covering of a wigwam. As a set off to this untamable child of nature, Miss B——, a half-breed, well educated, showy person, and moreover an heiress, has remained attached to a more civilized life, and is considered the *belle* of Mackinaw. But to return to our intoxicated Indians. It is always astonishing to observe the skill with which they manage their light bark canoes, so skittish that one inexperienced hardly durst change his position when once fixed in them. I saw one putting off with a whole family consisting of eight or ten, men, women and children, among whom was a man so drunk that he could not help himself. He was sitting on the edge of the canoe with his legs outside, and his body moving backwards and forwards, whilst his squaw used her best endeavors to draw him in with her arms clasped around his waist; the rest of the crew carelessly enjoying the scene; and yet the frail boat looked as steady and motionless upon the water as a man-of-war.

"The manner in which the Indians accommodate themselves when they come to the post to receive their annuity, is to pitch their tents along the shore in front of the village. These tents are of a conical shape, supported by poles, and covered with bark-cloth, or matting of their own make, with their canoes hauled up by their side. Some, indeed, shelter themselves no further than by turning over their canoes against the weather side, and propping them up with stakes. The number assembled at the recent gathering is said to have been about one thousand; but the whole number of Ottawas and Chippewas remaining within the territory of Michigan is computed at nearly seven thousand. Mr. Ferrie, a Presbyterian missionary residing at Grand Havre, informs me that there are so far only a few converts to Christianity.* Many of them have com-

* This remark applies only to Protestant conversions. The Catholic converts among the Ottawas are very numerous.—Ed.

fortable lodgings at "l'Arbre Croche," and along Grand Traverse bay. They raise wheat, corn, potatoes, and pumpkins; cultivate extensive apple orchards; combining the agricultural with the pastoral life of hunting and fishing, and exercise their industry and ingenuity in making matting and basket work, some of which are both elegant and tasteful. If I understand rightly, they are now asking to be recognised as citizens, which boon, if not granted to them, will decide their removal to the far west, whither many of their tribe have already gone."

PÈRE JEAN, OR THE JESUIT MISSIONARY.

A CATHOLIC STORY FOUNDED ON FACTS.

(Continued from page 91.)

CHAPTER VI.

The Morn.

THE sun came up over the eastern hills, brightly and beautifully, not a cloud across his path. His first slanting beams fell upon the form of a tall warrior, stealing his way down the banks of the St. Lawrence; a short distance behind came another, cautiously covering, and concealing every footstep as he passed, while to the south, deep in the forest, might be heard the sounds of conflict and pursuit. Rapidly they hurried on, yet carefully, until at length the underwood became thick and heavy, and difficult to penetrate, and the ground soft and swampy. Then, emerging from the wood, they kept along by the edge of the water, searching closely for the marks of footsteps upon the sand or clay. The examination was in vain. For a moment the tall warrior looked about in doubt; then, renewing the scrutiny, proceeded down the river. But he met with no better success. An unusual expression of pain passed across his features, and, resting the butt of his gun upon the ground, he leaned upon it in thought. His dress was torn and bloody, and the marks of many wounds were upon him. The sun played brightly across the face of Ahasistari, but his spirit was dark and sad. He had found no trace of Father Laval. His solemn vow was in his memory.

At length twice he whistled, low, but piercingly; at the second time a rustling was heard a short distance down the bank where the bushes overhung the water, and lifting carefully aside the leafy branches, a Huron appeared, urging his canoe from his hiding place. A few strokes sent the light bark to the feet of Ahasistari, and the rower stood beside him. The three Indians spoke together for a moment, and then sat down silently upon the shore. A slight noise startled them, and Ahasistari exclaimed, "He comes!" In a moment more a step was heard upon the sand, and Watook, soiled and stained with the marks of battle, stood before them. He looked Ahasistari in the face, and then his head sank down upon his breast in silence. The chief addressed him:

"Speak, Huron!"

Raising his hand towards the south, while his eyes glowed like burning coals, the young brave exclaimed: "The Hawk carries off the dove; the Mohawks lead

away the father of the black gown and the young Frenchman to their villages, to the torture: and Watook"—— and his strained arms pressed tightly against his bosom, as if to keep down its inward struggle—"Watook looked upon it."

Ahasistari sat motionless for a moment, then looked fixedly at the young Indian, his eye seeming to pierce into the depths of his soul. Not a muscle moved; not a nerve quivered; but there was a sorrowful sternness in his glance. Then he gazed around upon the group of Hurons:

"How many Iroquois? The days are many before the villages can be reached—and night and day—" and he grasped his knife expressively. A deep exclamation of approval broke from his two companions. Watook replied not, but pointed to the sands of the shore, and then to the leaves of the forest.

"It is useless," said the chief, and sank again into silence. At length, raising himself up to his full height, he said: "I have sworn, my brothers! you are bound by no vow. Go! the waters are open to Quebec. Ahasistari will join his father of the black gown, and share his fate."

The Hurons drew back from the shore to the side of their chief, and stood immovable. A gleam of hope broke upon the mind of the leader, and, pointing to Watook, he said: "Go! sweep down the river to the place of gathering; bring up the warriors who may have escaped, and lead them upon our trail; we will rescue our people, or perish with them."

Watook's heart beat high. He could bring rescue to the very villages of the Mohawks, and save the novice and the priest. He stepped lightly into the canoe, and, with a few strokes, sent it far into the current. Then waving his hand to the three Hurons who stood silently gazing after him, he steered his course directly down the river.

"Watook hath a bold young heart; he will lead the braves of the Hurons when the arm of Ahasistari is cold," said the chief; and the three devoted warriors turned away upon the trail of the enemy.....

The Iroquois marched silently on through the pathless forest, striking directly for their villages, guided only by that wonderful instinct which enables an Indian to toil on, day and night, over hill and valley, through forest, and thicket, and swamp, as unerringly as if directed by the compass. The prisoners were placed in the centre of the line, and so guarded that escape was impossible. The two Frenchmen, like the Hurons, were bound tightly with thongs of deer skin, but, in the midst of their sufferings, they enjoyed the happy privilege of being together.

The hour of noon had come; the heat was oppressive even in the shaded forest, and the thick black dresses of the Jesuit and the novice increased the sufferings of their painful march. At length the party paused to refresh themselves.

"René, my son," said Father Laval, "let us offer up the last part of the rosary. It is the five dolors. The recollections it contains will console us in our sufferings. In our misfortunes we must pray to God to assist us with his heavenly consolations, and to enable us to endure them with patience. Let us offer them up as an atonement through the blood of Christ for our past offences."

The novice acquiesced in silence, and the priest began the prayers. For a moment their captors did not heed the conversation of the prisoners. Father Laval proceeded, and René Bourdoise said the responses. Hitherto the captive Hurons had maintained a stern and dogged silence, permitting no sign of pain to escape them, and enduring, passively and with native stoicism, all the insults of the Mohawks. But the sound of the first "Ave Maria," in the clear voice of the Jesuit, came like sweet music to their sullen hearts, softening their savage humor, and soothing them into love and prayer. Gently its holy influence spread among the group of sufferers, and their stern features became first sad,

then calm and placid, until the light of religious aspiration beamed from many a scarred face turned mildly up to heaven. The response came low and broken from the lips of the young novice, swelling up, like a sweeping wave, as one by one the deep musical tones of the captive Hurons joined it. "*Ave Maria!*" it came like the thought of a loving mother, like the memory of a holy love. *Ave Maria!* swelling up, in the wild forest, from captive hearts, from parched and feverish lips, calmed by its gentle murmurs, to the mother of the sorrowful, the mourning. *Ave!* like dew to the withered flower, was the sweet prayer to the stricken soul, and tears came down the swarthy cheeks of the Christian warriors.

Amazed, the Mohawks looked upon the scene; then they laughed aloud contemptuously at the faint-hearted braves who wept—*wept* in captivity.

"Dogs! women!" they said, "are the Hurons no warriors? Shall we go back to their tribes to carry off a brave to torture? Ye are women! our squaws will beat you with whips! Ye are not worthy of a warrior's death."

But the Christian Hurons prayed on—*Sancta Maria!*—their full, deep voices piercing up to heaven, heedless of the scorn and taunts and blows of their captors. At length a Mohawk approached the Jesuit.

"Does the word of the medicine turn the Huron warriors to women? He is a magician—let him he silent," and he struck him a blow in the face with his clenched hand. The blood gushed from the lips of the priest, and he bowed his head in silence. * * * * *

In the forest from a thicket three figures, crouching low, glared fiercely out upon the scene; over the dark features of the chief of these flashed the fire of anger; his nostrils were dilated, his lips parted, his hand grasped his carabine convulsively. Then, as the priest bowed meekly to the blow, the warrior released his weapon and pressed his hands upon his brow as if to shut out the scene; a low sigh escaped him, and he too knelt and prayed. But for the meek bearing of the priest, recalling the duty of the Christian to the heart of the chief, there surely had been death among the conquerors in that instant. Ahasistari knelt and prayed. The time for action had not yet come: it was not vengeance but deliverance that he sought.

The Jesuit bowed meekly to the blow; then raising his eyes up to heaven, while his arms were drawn back by the tight thong around his wrists, he prayed on in silence. In silence prayed the captives—but the still incense of their hearts floated upwards not less sweetly to the throne of God. It was the dedication of the forests of the Iroquois to the faith of Christ.

The Mohawks soon made their repast, and snatched a few moments of repose. The wretched remains of their dinner were thrown to the captives, whose hunger was left unsatisfied, while, from the tightness of their bands, they were unable to enjoy the momentary rest afforded by the halt. The line of march was soon formed again, and the Mohawks, refreshed by their repose, hurried on the tired captives at a rapid pace, urging the weary and the lagging with heavy blows. Many hours passed thus.

René Bourdoise was faint and weary, and his faltering step betokened that without rest his strength would soon give out. In that case a certain death awaited him; for the captors would not pause or delay when a blow of the tomahawk could, in a moment, relieve them of their trouble.

A Mohawk warrior, perceiving his weariness, approached him, and, brandishing his weapon over his head, pointed forward to the route they were pursuing, and intimated, by a significant gesture, his fate in case he should be unable to keep up with the party. Thus incited, the young novice exerted himself anew, and, ever and anon, his tormentor, as his efforts seemed to flag, assumed a threatening posture, or struck him with a heavy stick which he had picked up on the march, or pricked

him forward with the point of his knife. The folds of his black robe were stiff with blood, yet the fainting novice toiled on patiently, turning up his eyes to heaven, and murmuring a gentle prayer for his tormentors. Father Laval, stronger and more accustomed to fatigue, looked in helpless agony upon the suffering of his young companion; he cheered him onward with words of hope, and then, as the cruelty of the savage increased, he consoled him with thoughts of holy comfort.

"Bear up, my son. Thou art the soldier of Jesus. Thou art scourged—*he* was scourged. It is a glorious privilege to die in his service; heaven is the reward of the happy martyr."

"Pray for me, father, pray for me. Oh God!" continued the youthful novice, looking sadly up to heaven, "Oh God! grant me strength to endure this trial; grant me fortitude!"

The road became more difficult and the progress more painful. A powerful Huron marched near the delicate young Frenchman; no word had yet escaped his lips. At length he approached the sufferer, and, pressing his huge shoulder against him, said:

"Lean on me, my brother!"

At the same moment Kiohba, the relentless Mohawk, again pricked the bleeding novice with his knife. The youth started forward, and, with a deep groan, fell to the ground. There he lay unable to rise. The Iroquois grasped his tomahawk with a savage exclamation, and raised it over his head to strike the exhausted captive. It was a moment of agony. The tall Huron sprang forward; with a mighty effort he burst the cords that bound his wrists, and rushed between the Iroquois and his victim. On his left arm he caught the descending blow, which gashed deep into his brawny muscles; with his right he lifted up the light form of the novice, and, folding it to his powerful chest, while the pale face of the insensible youth rested gently on his dark red shoulder, strode sternly forward to the front of the group of captives. Deep exclamations of satisfaction escaped the Iroquois; but no one attempted to interrupt the warrior, for the Indian loves a bold deed.

"He is brave," said one; "he is worthy of the stake."

"Yes, he is a warrior; he shall die by the torture!"

The Huron strode on with his helpless burden, as tenderly and gently guarding it as a father does the child he loves.

"Le Loup will bear his young white brother," he exclaimed.

Tears flowed down the cheeks of the Jesuit, and he raised his heart to heaven in thankfulness for the providential rescue of his companion.

At the same instant the cry of a hawk was heard in the forest, repeated thrice clearly and shrilly, then seeming to die away in the distance—a gleam of joy broke out on the bronzed face of the Huron, and with a firmer and lighter step Le Loup pressed onward. He knew by the signal that his chief was upon their trail, and that three of his tribe were near. The Iroquois listened suspiciously to the sound, but it was repeated no more.

The sun was sinking low in the west. The shades of the hills grew out lengthening. On the bosom of the river the red light fell in streams, sparkling from the summits of the little waves. Far down its waters, many a weary mile, a war canoe, urged on by a single Indian, made its way. Large drops of sweat stood upon the rower's brow. A moment he paused and gazed upon the setting sun, then, shaking his clenched hand towards the far south-west, bent sternly to his oar once more.

At length he turned the bow of his canoe towards the shore; he reached it, and bounded on the beach. Then drawing his bark upon the sand, he stepped into the forest with his tomahawk in his hand, and began to examine the trees some distance from the water, and, finding no marks on them, notched several in a peculiar manner. As he went further

in, a figure stepped from behind a large oak which had hitherto concealed him, and, approaching the canoe, inspected it carefully, and afterwards bent over the footsteps of the young Indian. The person was dressed in a hunting shirt gathered close around his waist by a leathern belt, which also served to support a long curved knife and a small steel axe. A large powder horn and a ball pouch of deer skin were slung over his shoulder; his feet and legs were protected by moccasins and leggins of untanned skin, and his equipments were completed by a small black hair cap set jauntily on his head. He seemed satisfied with the result of his examination, and said half aloud as he arose: "Huron canoe—Huron moccasin—no Mohawk thief—and now Pierre for Mons. le sauvage."

Pierre had emigrated from France many years before, and with the aid of his son had made himself useful as a hunter to the smaller outposts of the French. He supplied them with game. In one of their excursions the Mohawks came upon them, and after a long chase succeeded in killing and scalping the young man. Henceforth Pierre considered the Mohawks as his deadliest enemies. He had served as a spy under the great Champlain—a man dreaded by the Indians of every tribe, and whose name had become a war-cry to the French. Pierre was an expert woodsman, and an indefatigable Indian fighter—well known and loved by the Hurons, who gave him the soubriquet of "*L'Espion hardi.*"

The Frenchman laughed as he entered the forest to meet the Indian. "Ho, ho, Huron," he shouted as he strode carelessly along. Watook heard the voice, and springing to a tree, cast his rifle into rest; but the dress and language of the speaker told him it was a friend, and he came leaping towards him.

"Ugh! L'Espion hardi! The pale face is the friend of the Huron," he said.

"Very true, savage, very true."

"Has the Frenchman found any Hurons here?" and he waved his hand around.

"None but yourself, Huron."

Then Watook told him of the sad misfortune which had befallen his party, and of the capture of the two Frenchmen, and how he had come thither to gather the scattered Hurons and attempt a rescue. Exclamations of anger escaped the hunter as he listened to the story, and his manner became more grave.

"The scalp of the son of the Daring Scout hangs in the Mohawk lodge. Is his knife rusty? Will he strike the trail of the Iroquois?" said the Indian in conclusion.

Pierre drew the weapon from his belt and ran his finger across its glittering blade—and his feeling deepened into fury as he remembered the sad day in which his son had perished.

"Huron," he said at length in a stern voice, "Huron! 'Daring Scout' will strike the Mohawk in his village;" then, recovering his wonted equanimity, continued:

"The braves probably went deep into the forest before they struck off towards the rendezvous—they will be here yet—for the current of the river assisted you forward ahead of them; it is rapid now. Let us build a fire, and pass the night here. No Mohawks are outlying now; for the party you fell in with must have been a strong one, and it is not likely that there is another out. When the Hurons come in, we can strike off through the forest to the trail of your chief."

The counsel seemed wise to the Indian, and they prepared to bivouac upon the spot. About midnight the sound of a footstep struck upon the ear of the Frenchman, who kept watch, sitting at the foot of a tree shaded from the light of the fire.

"Qui va la," said the hunter, who still adhered somewhat to his old military habits: "Qui va la;" but the figure approached, and the next moment a Huron stalked up to the fire. Watook awoke, and greeted his comrade.

"The Hurons are scattered, and will

come in slowly, for they are very weary," said the stranger. He made no other allusion to their late defeat.

When morning dawned four or five warriors had collected, and the impatient Watook proposed to set out.

"No," said the Huron, who had first come in, "more braves come — more braves."

"They are already two days' march before us," said Watook; but Pierre coincided with the first. By the hour of noon about fifteen warriors had assembled, some of them wounded, and all wearied. Compelled by stern necessity, that night they passed at the place of rendezvous, and on the following morn set out, through the forest, to strike on the trail of the Iroquois.

Night and morn came and went, night and morn the captors and their captives toiled on through the pathless forest. Still on — on went the weary march; still on the rear of the conquering Mohawks hovered three dusky forms—stern, silent, watchful.

THE REFORMATION AND THE POOR.

Sybil, or the Two Nations. By B. D'Israeli, Esq., M. P.

UCH is the title of a book published a few months since, and appearing amid the class of novels. It is, indeed, in structure, one of that class, and had it not been for the views and sketches of life contained in it, would not be fittingly reviewed here.

As it is, it is a *political novel;* and throwing off the supernumerary characters, its substance can be shortly given.

The two nations are the rich and the poor; the principal representatives of the last nation are Gerard, the overseer of a factory; Morley, a disciple of Fourier, and Sybil, the daughter of Gerard, like her father, a Catholic, and brought up in a convent; besides these, there is one Hatton, of Woodgate. These are all of the people, all desirous to raise the people, or see them raised from the miserable condition to which long years of tyranny had reduced them from the happy state they enjoyed three centuries ago.

Each, however, sought a different way to effect this. Gerard wished to accomplish it by giving the poor all political privileges enjoyed by the rich, and in this way to effect their happiness by political equality. Morley, however, is the advocate of community, of moral force, who seeks by reasoning to make men truly neighbors.

Looking, then, on a ruined monastery, Gerard sees the monument of the time when the rich and great overthrew the monks, the only bulwark of the people; when the people struggled in vain to retain that body, coming, in a great measure, from themselves, possessing large estates which they leased on easy terms, thus compelling the lay landholders to be also moderate; Gerard saw, in the destruction of the three thousand one hundred and eighty-five monasteries, hospitals, colleges, and chapels, but the annihilation of the only human barrier the poor ever possessed against the encroachments of the rich. Morley, however, looked upon it in a different light; he sighed over the destruction of the most perfect system of community which ever existed.

But Sybil, gazing on them, beheld a memorial of the epoch when, in England, religion ceased to direct the every action of our life, in the king on the throne, and the laborer in his cot. She saw, indeed, that the monasteries afforded the poor protection against the assaults of the great; but she saw, too, in their possessions, proofs that the rich then loved the poor; that before that the great had often endowed the monasteries and hospitals, which, in that day, afforded shelter and relief as well to those whom misfortune had deprived of food and raiment as to those whom malady had stricken; to her mind, then, happiness for the poor was inseparable from the re-establishment of a religion which had produced such happiness; for she saw that from the day when England's rulers departed from the faith, no buildings for the poor, no homes for the unfortunate had ever been built from the property of the rich. To support this we have Woodgate, and its representative, Hatton, introduced; a place free from oppressive landlords, head lessees, and factories, but inhabited by industrious mechanics who labor each on his own account. No church is here, and the people degraded, ignorant, and brutal.

This, then, is the moral; this the design of the tale, to teach the lesson, too long forgotten, that religion is not a word, but a living, acting, directing principle; one, too, which nothing inherent in our own nature can supply. And further, that no people can be truly happy, unless directed, guided, and supported by religion.

Here is the hope for England. What succeeded the Catholic faith at the reformation in England is not religion, but a mere phantom, unsubstantial, producing no effects to show a divine origin. This must vanish, and be succeeded by the Catholic faith.

Once more must a power exist, whose sway is acknowledged by all, which shall teach the rich that he is but a steward for those of his brethren to whom God has given less of worldly wealth; a faith to teach the proud to be humble, the poor to be contented with their lot.

When this power is acknowledged as in her ancient day, then, and not till then, can we expect to see the condition of the poor improved; then the power which for so many years caused the houses of refuge for the poor and afflicted to arise in every quarter of England, will bid her wealthier children forget not those less fortunate than they, till those houses again fill the land with joy. It will not be the work of a day, but of years, and not of man, but of God, and in God's own time; for no longer must we essay to do the work of God in man's time, or after man's fashion. The church has never perished in England, though reduced almost to nothing by the storms of the period of the reformation; it has ever stood, and from the moment of the passing away of the cloud of civil war, advanced, drawing, year by year, her highest dignitaries from among those who, weary with treading far from the paths of truth, sought the fold from which the hand of violence had torn their fathers; from the martyred Campian, the first, we may say, of those put to death, with all the formality of law, under the law of Elizabeth, who had passed from the university of Oxford to the seminary of Doway, down to our own day, when we see them, not singly, but in throngs, following the path which a Gother and a Challoner trod.

Two millions of Catholics now tread the English land, and churches are scattered over the face of the kingdom; there are colleges too, and convents. And though the law will cripple the means of the convents, and limit their power of beneficence, still even in their limited sphere will they teach all around them that their faith is not a dead faith, that the religion which causes them to leave their families, their homes, all earthly advantages to devote themselves to the service of God and their neighbor, is far different from what the ideas and notions

instilled into them in childhood, which they have, as it were, imbibed with their mothers' milk, have led them to form in their imaginations as the church of Rome.

And even if they were entirely deprived of the power of performing these works of mercy, do not all feel the truth of these words of our countryman, Nathaniel Hawthorne? "Men," says he, "who have spent their lives in generous and holy contemplation for the human race; those who, by a certain heavenliness of spirit, have purified the atmosphere around them, and thus supplied a medium in which good and high things may be projected and performed,—give to these a lofty place among the benefactors of mankind, although no deed such as the world calls deeds, may be recorded of them. There are some individuals of whom we can not conceive it proper that they should apply their hands to any earthly instrument, or work out any definite act."

We called the church of England a phantom, producing no effects to show a supernatural origin, and we spoke not inconsiderately.

More than three hundred years has she ruled England; during all that period her clergy have been in the receipt of a revenue five times as great in proportion as that which their Catholic predecessors drew from the people; for three hundred years have the clergy received for their own use a revenue, one third of which only went to the ancient clergy, while the other two thirds went equally to the poor and to the building or beautifying of the churches: and what have they done? What single college, what house for the poor, for the sick, or for the poor maniac, have the English clergy raised? From their third part the Catholic clergy built and endowed colleges, hospitals, and churches, but their successors can not, while many parts which have grown quite populous since the reformation, in the manufacturing districts, and in London, are completely churchless and ministerless.

A few houses were raised by Henry from the spoils of the church, and we are told more would have been done but for the rapacity of the courtiers; and those erected since are not more attributable to the Christian religion, or its influence, than the caravansaries of the east, and even of the few houses for charitable objects built since that day, they were chiefly, like Chelsea Hospital, built from confiscated property, very often Catholic property, for that hospital was built from the confiscated lands of the earl of Derwentwater, no Protestant having been put to expense to erect that noble hospital.

The awakening of the church of England some forty years ago, before which, to use the words of one of their own organs, it consisted "of a clergy declining in learning, and a people rapidly sinking into ignorance and infidelity," while, at the same time, "all was peace and self-gratulation in the church of England," produced, it is true, a sort of reaction, when they saw that unless efforts, the most extensive and persevering, were made, their church would be but a cypher between the Catholics on the one side, and the Dissenters, and those of her children who had subsided into infidelity, on the other; a very struggle for existence commenced, and when ten bishoprics in Ireland were abolished as useless, they bethought themselves of endowing a college, where clergy should be instructed directly for Ireland, where even the Irish language should be taught, to give them greater advantage; schools and colleges were set on foot, built and endowed; but this was done, not from "the tithes and taxes, but from the free-will offerings of individuals," as they themselves admit; and these, too, all from the laity, if we except that of Durham, in which the bishop and his chapter bore a considerable part.

The clergy as a body have been but lookers on, or at least in the second rank in these foundations. They are not attributable to the church as a church.

But we must stop, and return to our book; its aim to show religion the only true aid on which to rely in elevating the people, has carried far beyond him or the ideas he lays before us.

Besides this principle, this book shows itself to be the work of one, not content to receive as true, and undeniably true, statements relating to the past, because engendered in the spirit of servility to the then reigning power, they were then published, and have been copied by each succeeding historian.

He is not content to call certain ages dark, and pass them by as dark, but rather to think as Coleridge expresses it, that they are dark because we have not light enough to examine them. While Maitland and Hurter, as the representatives of two bodies of laborers in England and on the continent, are at work clearing away the rubbish of falsehood and misrepresentation which have covered the glorious works of bygone days, and start back in astonishment at their beauty, like him who first, piercing the dust, ashes, and lava, beheld those glorious temples which a physical revolution had buried, we see D'Israeli in a novel, a work written to suit the public taste, or at least the taste of a large number, essay to tear off the mask from the actors in the reformation and the "glorious revolution," and set them out in their native deformity; to show that in the one word "self" lay all the religion of the former, and the patriotism of the latter. He has said much plainly, and much more indirectly; exciting the hope that he, or some of those around him possessing the same feelings, will take in hand to write a history of those two epochs.

The first will be a difficult one for him, a member of the church of England, to show that the reformation made the people less religious. Cobbett, though nominally of the same church, wrote his, as D'Israeli's Gerard would have, to show that the temporal condition of the people had been degraded by being deprived of the temporal assistance of the monks and ante-reformation clergy.

But the history of the "glorious revotion" he could write untrammelled and without embarrassment; and we may indulge the hope that our prospect of such a work in a few years is not unfounded.

BAPTISM OF CHILDREN OF INFIDELS.

(From the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith.)

FOR a long time it was not possible to regenerate in the waters of baptism the children of infidels, only in some isolated places; the number of those who went from the cradle to the grave with the seal of baptism was still small, and for this reason we have seldom made mention of it to the pious readers of our Annals. But, of latter years, this benefit has been extended in a most consolatory degree. Our missionaries, with the assistance of the alms of the association, have succeeded in rendering it general among the principal Christian congregations of Asia; we shall soon have much to do to reckon the young elect, with which they will people heaven; even now, the account of those whom they have sent there is sufficiently large to draw forth the gratitude and the admiration of our faith. And, accordingly, we offer it to our associates with a religious eagerness. It will consist of figures only, but figures are very affecting when they express a mul-

titude of souls gained for the happiness of heaven.

"It is by millions every year," writes his Lordship, Doctor Perocheau, "that parents kill their children in China. When they do not strangle them at their birth, they expose these wretched beings on the highway, where their bodies become the food of dogs and wolves. The authorities know this, and punish it not; no body finds fault with it; no body blames even the rich, who have not, like the poorer class, the excuse of want to palliate so great a crime. It is Christian charity alone that feels alarmed at it. Thanks to the alms of the Propagation of the Faith, we have already saved a great number of orphans, who are indebted to you for baptism and life."

"* In times of scarcity, one would say that nature has abdicated its rights in the hearts of Chinese pagans. In such times we have seen fathers and mothers refuse to share their last handful of rice with their own children, who, after having dinned their ears with mournful cries, during some days, have died in a frightfully emaciated state. Others, worse than tigers, have killed their new-born children, particularly the girls, whom they have cast out upon the highway, just as, among us, one would throw out a little puppy that he does not choose to rear. These poor things, being exposed on the banks of rivers, in the midst of briers and brambles, or in some miry hole, utter heart-rending cries, and the selfish Chinese is nothing moved on seeing them: what do I say? he laughs at it, as if they were vile animals. Poor people! how often have I not felt the bowels of compassion moved in me at the sight of so much misery! Why have we not liberty? I have oftentimes said to myself; I would, at least, then do, on a small scale, what Saint Vincent of Paul accomplished in France. Vain wishes! Not being able to save the life of the body of these little children, I have sought to procure the saving of their souls. Two well-trained men, having some knowledge of medicine, whom I have employed for the last eight months, have baptized six hundred and eighty of them, of whom more than five hundred have already gone to heaven."

"*The mission of Su-Tchuen continues its work of baptizing children in danger of death, and the Lord continues to bless it. Each year the number of those whom they regenerate goes on increasing.

It was, in	1839, ...	12,483
	1840, ...	15,766
	1841, ...	17,825
	1842, ...	20,068
	1843, ...	22,292
This year it amounts to	. .	24,381

"We have remarked that about two-thirds of the number of these children died in the year in which they were baptized. Thus, out of the number of 1844, sixteen thousand seven hundred and sixty-three winged their flight, a short time afterwards, to everlasting bliss. These happy souls, thus regenerated by us in the saving waters of baptism, can they forget us? Can they lose the remembrance of that generous association which, under God, has opened to them the gates of heaven?

"We pay some Christians, men and women, who are acquainted with the complaints of infants, to seek out and baptize those whom they shall find to be in danger. It is easy for them to meet them, particularly in the towns and large villages, where, on fair-days, there is to be seen a crowd of poor people reduced to the greatest poverty, who come to ask for alms. It is in winter, especially, that the number is highest, because want is more pinching at that time. You see them on the roads, at the gates of the towns and villages, or crowded together in the streets, poor people without number, with hardly any clothing, having neither fire nor lodging, sleeping in the open air, and so attenuated by the protracted torture of

* Extract from a letter of the Rev. Mr. Bertrand, missionary-apostolic.

* Extract from a letter from his Lordship Doctor Perocheau, vicar-apostolic of Su-Tchuen.

hunger, that they are nothing but skin and bone. The women, who are, in this case, the most to be pitied, carry on their back children reduced to the same extremity as themselves. Our baptizing men and baptizing women accost them in the general accents of compassion, offer them gratis pills for these little expiring creatures, give often to the parents a few farthings, always with great kindness of manner, and an expression of the liveliest interest in their situation.

"For these poor creatures, it is a sight of transport, almost unheard of. They willingly allow our people to examine into the state of the child and pour on its forehead some drops of water, which they declare to be good for it, while, at the same time, they pronounce the sacramental words.

"Our Christian baptizers are divided into two classes. Some are travellers, and go to a great distance to look for dying children. Others, being attached to certain stations in the towns and large villages, devote themselves to the same occupation in their neighborhood. I have just caused to be printed some explicit rules, to direct them and stimulate them in the exercise of their noble functions.

"The men form a special association, which is called the *Angelical Association.* Every year, by word of mouth or by writing, I exhort all the priests to spread wider and wider this society, in which I take a great interest. I hope to be able, next year, to give it a much greater development, if the Lord keeps us in our little tranquillity. The *Angelical Association* has been only four years in existence, and it is to its zealous co-operation that we are indebted for our having gathered such an abundant harvest from paganism. The more exertions it will make, the heavier will be the expenses; but can money be better employed? We reckon on the charity of the directors and members of the admirable Association for the Propagation of the Faith."

The same association, established recently at Yun-Nan by his Lordship Doctor Ponsot, yields already its fruits: 2,000 children of infidels were baptized during the first six months of 1844.

In Tchay-Kee-ang, no year passes in which they do not baptize at least 400.

In Xan-See the infidels are accustomed to invite, of themselves, the Christians to baptize their children, when they are in danger of death.

*Vicariate Apostolic of Chan-See.**—"There has been awakened among our neophytes a spirit of emulation, which fills us with joy; all are vieing with each other in zeal for the baptizing of dying or exposed children; when we are able to save their life, the contest is as to who shall have the happiness of rearing them for the love of Jesus Christ. Our physicians have the greatest share in this good work; some baptize ten, others thirty, in the year; the most skilful, or the most successful, go as far as a hundred and upwards. A Christian virgin, called Angelica Sung, belonging to a rich family, has devoted during the last twenty years the entire of her fortune to saving children of her own sex. In order to prevent the killing of these poor creatures, which is so common, she used to promise a reward to those mothers who would keep their daughters, binding herself to support and rear them at her own expense. The souls with which she has peopled heaven called her, a short time ago, to receive her everlasting reward: her daughters that survived her still bewail their mother of adoption, and my grief will be long to be consoled."

Province of Hoo-Quang.†—"I every where encourage the baptizing of deserted infants, but I can not develope, as much as I should desire, this interesting work, because I am very poor. Nevertheless, with the aid of your alms I have effected a great deal. One single Christian woman has baptized four hundred and three in the space of ten months."

* Extract from a letter of his Lordship Dr. Alphonse, vicar-apostolic of Chan-See.

† Extract from a letter of his Lordship Dr. Rizzolati, vicar-apostolic of Hoo-Quang.

*Island of Hong-Kong.**—"They are also building in the island of Hong-Kong a house to receive the children, deserted so cruelly and in such great numbers, in this unfortunate empire. And what should redouble our ardor for the spread of the holy work of the Propagation of the Faith is, that we owe to the alms of the members, not only this pious foundation, but likewise all the good that is done in the island. The benefit which we hope to derive from all these expenses is the greater for this reason, that the poor Chinese are here freed from the tyrannical yoke of the celestial emperor, and that they can, with full liberty of conscience, render to God the only worship of agreeable odor."

.....†—"For the consolation of your members, allow me to make known to you a use to which we turn their alms; they could not, I think, be applied to any more agreeable to the wishes of their generous hearts.

"You are aware of what is, in these infidel regions, the lot of a number of children exposed on the highway: their bodies are devoured by the vilest of animals, and their souls remain for ever deprived of celestial happiness. What you will with difficulty believe is, that the avarice of the parents is the most usual cause of these acts of infanticide. It is the custom here that the bridegroom should purchase his wife. Now, the more daughters a father has to marry, the less dear he can sell them, because it is considered that being under the necessity of going to great expense in order to maintain them, he is in a hurry to get rid of them. According to this monstrous calculation he will, consequently, sacrifice without pity five or six children, in the hope of selling advantageously his only daughter.

"Already, for several years past, the charity of the vicars-apostolic had collected some of these hapless creatures, who have since become fervent Christians, and excellent mothers of a family. But experience has shown that for want of milk, their natural food, several of them were carried away by a premature death; and it is for this reason that last year we conceived the plan which we are now carrying into effect, of building a hospital, in which, being all collected together, they can, at least, be fed with sheep's milk, our poverty not allowing us to do any better.

"This hospital is situated in a small town, entirely inhabited by Christians. Being situated on a handsome hill, it is sheltered from the violence of the winds by a ring of high and uncultivated mountains, which afford a pasture to the nursing sheep.

"Our intention was to receive only a dozen of orphans at the utmost. But when this asylum shall have become known in other parts of the province, parents who have still any feeling of humanity in their bosom will, no doubt, prefer to bring us by stealth their poor children, rather than throw them out as food for beasts. Must we, in that case, leave them to perish at the gate of the asylum built to afford them a shelter? We shall never be guilty of such cruelty. Although the number of those whom we have received is beyond our resources, we shall still continue to receive those who shall be presented to us; with our heart full of confidence in God, and our eyes turned towards Europe, we shall adopt these new-comers in the name of your holy association."

*Siam.**—"There is among us a number of people who practise medicine. When an opportunity offers itself to them they do not fail to administer baptism to dying children; but how much more abundant would not this harvest be, if we could send some people into the neighboring cities, and even to a distance, giving them a yearly gratuity of from forty to sixty francs, both for the medicines and

* Extract from a letter from Father Cherubini, Franciscan missionary.

† Extract from a letter from Father Gabriel Moretta, Minor Observantine.

* Extract from a letter from his Lordship Doctor Pallegoix, vicar-apostolic of Siam.

travelling expenses! One of the physicians, whom we have at *Juthia*, used to succeed in baptizing from sixty to one hundred children every year, so that, if I may be allowed the expression, a person would save a soul at the cost of a most trifling sacrifice. Surely there is no better mode of employing the alms of the society? For some years past the number of these little angels who have gone to heaven amounts to from four to five thousand."

In Mongolia, the number which his Lordship Doctor Mouly apprised us of was six thousand pagan children, regenerated when on the point of death.

*Cochin-China.** — "You will receive with pleasure some particulars concerning one of our works, little in appearance, but productive of great results for the salvation of souls; I allude to the pagan children baptized on the point of death. Every one can take part in it, but we may say that it is principally the business of the women; they can more easily get into the houses, and people are less on their guard against them than against men. Through their charitable cares a considerable number of these little creatures have hardly received life before they exchanged it for the unending joys of Paradise.

"In a village, of which the mayor is a Christian, there exists a house of nuns, whom his lordship sends out in different directions to look for these hapless children. They go, generally, two by two, an old and a young one, and while the elder one enters into conversation, the other, who, in good manners, should leave her to speak, draws near to the mother, who is holding the sick child, or sits down near the mat on which it is left; she fondles it, takes it in her arms, and whilst she caresses it, she succeeds in dropping on its forehead a little water out of a bottle which she keeps concealed in her long wide sleeve. In the course of last year these nuns baptized one hundred and forty-five, and in the course of about a month of the present, they have reached the number of ninety-six.

"On one day they baptized eighteen; sometimes they meet only three or four; but when they go out questing for them, there is not a day on which they do not make some happy ones. It sometimes happens that they do not return home until after a week's travelling. They stop on their journey at the houses of the Christians, who respect them greatly. All their expenses are at the charge of the mission.

"When the time of sickness comes for these children, how many parents offer to our nuns their newly-born children for a few ligatures, and even for less! When they are already four or five years old, and they find Christians who are willing to burden themselves with them, they buy some of them. How many other families would give them for nothing at the age of a few days, or of a few months! Ah! if we had the same advantage as in France! If, like you, we had large and numerous hospitals, they would soon be filled with these poor deserted beings.

"One can not but be sorely afflicted at seeing the small account which the pagans make of these little creatures. So soon as they are dangerously ill, they appear to them only a burden. They wrap them up in a piece of mat, and put them out of their sight! One of those persons whom his lordship sends out to baptize met in this way a child of some days old, thrown not far from a house on the dunghill, its face sunk in the mire. Happily it was still alive, and able to receive baptism."

* "The pagans can not comprehend the zeal of our neophytes in seeking after children in danger of death. In order to explain it, they invent a thousand absurd stories: some say that the Christians take away their souls and make them their own; others, that they cast lots on the in-

* Extract from a letter from the Rev. Mr. Fontaine, missionary-apostolic.

* Extract from a letter of his Lordship Doctor Cuenot, bishop of Metellopolis.

fants, in order to make them die in their stead, and thereby prolong their own life.

"Childish as these surmises may be, it does not prevent them from prejudicing certain minds against us. Thus, a Christian woman of this province was arrested some months ago by the mother of the child whom she had just baptized, and dragged before two petty military mandarins who happened to be in the commune. They asked her what she had done to the dying babe: she candidly owned all; and these mandarins, far from punishing, on the contrary praised the generous zeal which induced her to do good to the souls of children.

"The following is the result of our efforts during a series of nine years, that is to say, from 1835 to 1844:—

In 1835,	133,			
In 1836,	498,	of whom	47	have survived.
In 1837,	1,027,	"	104	"
In 1838,	663,	"	110	"
In 1839,	729,	"	60	"
In 1840,	770,	"	94	"
In 1841,	1,881,	"	300	"
In 1842,	2,265,	"	534	"
In 1843,	8,273,	"	1,457	"

"In western Cochin-China, a newly erected vicariate-apostolic, more than a thousand dying infants also received baptism in 1843.

"The total number of infants baptized during the year 1843 in the Spanish mission of Tong-King is 11,260.

"In western Tong-King his Lordship Doctor Retord, adding together the numbers of the last twenty years, gives as 32,558, the number of children of pagans baptized in danger of death. 'The greater part of them died a short time afterwards,' adds the prelate, 'and enjoy supreme felicity in heaven.'"

.....*—"The enterprising zeal of his lordship of Metellopolis, who had given such a happy impulse to the work of the baptism of infants in danger of death, has completed this first benefit by endowing Cochin-China with a new foundation for foundling children. Many houses for either sex have been already built for this purpose, and filled with young innocents, who receive there, in addition to the necessaries of life, the grace of baptism and a solid instruction. They will, one day, bless divine Providence for having taken them from the arms of their unnatural mothers, in order to place them in the arms of their adoptive father, who, without neglecting the care of the body, desires, above all, to make them children of Jesus Christ. At this moment his lordship is devising means for multiplying these pious asylums, which promise so much the more for futurity, inasmuch as they will be situated, not out of the kingdom, but in the very places where the children are found. This work will, no doubt, entail great expense on us; but Providence will provide for it."

"Such are the works of your society," wrote some time ago the directors of the foreign missions, in a collective letter addressed to the two councils. "It is you who thus people heaven with those innocent creatures, who would have been excluded from it, if you had not come to open its gates to them. Through your means, these children have become the friends of God, and their gratitude assures to you their protection.

"It is agreeable to us to repeat to you that no one takes a greater interest than we do in the success of the society which you direct; because you are for us a second Providence, and that we only exist, we may say, through you. Accordingly, gentlemen, we delight in associating ourselves to that concert of benedictions which are continually ascending up towards heaven, in order to call down on your heads a dew of graces, *with those clouds of little children*, who are indebted to you for the happiness of seeing God, and with all those martyrs who, under the axe of the executioner, have bequeathed to you so many precious recollections, and made you so many promises for heaven, which they will not fail to fulfil."

* Extract from a letter of the Rev. Mr. Miche, missionary-apostolic.

THE MITRE AND THE CROSIER.

(From a Letter of Dr. Milner in the Catholic Weekly Instructor.)

USEBIUS, the celebrated church historian, and friend of Constantine the Great, tells us upon the authority of Polycrates, who lived near the time of the apostles, that St. John the Evangelist wore a metal plate, like that which the Jewish high priest bore upon his forehead. The same is affirmed of St. James the apostle, bishop of Jerusalem, by St. Epiphanius. The same Eusebius, as likewise St. Gregory Nazianzen, and the pagan historian Ammianus Marcellinus, describes the bishops of the fourth century as wearing a sort of crown. It appears from different authorities that the bishops, of the Latin church at least, wore some peculiar ornament upon their heads in the succeeding ages; but there is reason to doubt whether this ornament bore any resemblance with the open double pointed mitre, before the ninth or the tenth century. This form, together with its appropriate ornaments, was probably first adopted, and appropriated to themselves, in one or other of those ages, by the Roman pontiffs; as in the eleventh century we find more than one instance of the pope's granting a special privilege to certain bishops to wear the *Roman mitre*, and as in the twelfth century we read of Innocent II placing his own mitre on the head of St. Malachy, archbishop of Armagh, then upon a visit to Rome, by way of a special favor. Still even the mitres in question at their first invention were very low, being not loftier than from three to six inches, and they continued comparatively low till about the end of the thirteenth century, as we may observe in the figure of St. Nicholas, on the Saxon font in Winchester cathedral, in the sepulchral statues of the bishops of Old Sarum, since removed to Salisbury cathedral; and in the statues, and other representations of prelates in general, during the ages in question. During the fourteenth century, the mitres seem to have arisen to about the height of a foot. That of William of Wykeham, upon his monument, which is said to have been executed in his lifetime, is ten inches high; the bishop of Limerick's thirteen. It was not till about the sixteenth century that this episcopal ornament attained to its present disproportionate height of a foot and a half.

When the abbots, and other superiors of certain grand religious communities grew impatient of subjection to the jurisdiction of their ordinary bishops, they eagerly contended for the ensigns of independent authority, namely, for the pontifical ornaments, which were the mitre, the ring, and the sandals. One of the first, if not quite the first mitred abbot we read of, was Egelsinus, abbot of St. Augustine's at Canterbury. He, being at Rome in the year 1063, obtained of Pope Alexander II the privilege of wearing the pontifical mitre, ring, and sandals; which privilege is stated to have been granted in honor of the said St. Augustine, apostle of England. This abbot, however, being obliged soon after to leave his country, and fly into Denmark in order to avoid the indignation of the Norman conquerors, to whom he had, by some means, given particular offence, the privilege in question was suspended till it was renewed by Alexander III, in 1179, at the instance of Abbot Roger. By this time many other abbots had obtained this mark of dignity, and even regular conventual priors began to solicit it. The frequency

of these grants becoming a subject of complaint to the bishops, Clement IV, in the year 1267, made a decree, still extant in the canon law, restraining mitred abbots, who were exempt from episcopal jurisdiction, to the use of the *fringed* or second order of mitres, on public occasions, and non-exempt abbots and priors to the *simple* or third order of that ornament. I must observe, however, that it would not be safe to depend absolutely on this decree, regarding the quality of the mitre, in pronouncing upon the rank of any personage represented in one; but the other rule, concerning the height of the mitre, may be considered as infallible, as to the period in which such person lived. It must also be remarked that none of the Greek prelates, of whatever rank or country, except the patriarch of Alexandria, ever adopted the Latin mitre. Accordingly they are usually represented bareheaded. This rule, however, does not extend to the Latin prelates of the Greek churches, after the first crusade, nor to the representations of Greek prelates executed by Latin artists.

The Crosier, called by different ancient writers *Baculus Pastoralis, Ferula, Pedum, Cambuta*, &c., is mentioned as an episcopal ornament in the sacramentary of St. Gregory the great, who flourished at the end of the sixth century, and by his contemporary, St. Isidore of Seville. The use of it, however, is traced much higher, namely, to St. Remigius, who governed the see of Rheims at the end of the fifth century, and who bequeathed by his will to one of his friends, amongst other things, *cambutam argenteam figuratam*. Nor does there seem any just reason to doubt, of what we are assured by so many writers, that, in the early part of the same century, St. Patrick took with him to Ireland, when he went to preach the Gospel there, the pastoral staff, which afterwards became so famous under the name of the *Staff of Jesus*. The Irish, who were accused by the peevish Giraldus Cambrensis, of venerating the crosiers of their ancient saints more than the books of the Gospel, certainly held this staff of their apostle in such high veneration, that they conceived the possession of it gave a sort of title to the see of Armagh, and the primacy of Ireland. Hence their English conquerors in the twelfth century took special care to convey this important article to Dublin within their own pale. That our Saxon bishops and abbots used the pastoral staff, is plain from many circumstances. It had been the custom, long before the reign of Edward the confessor, for the investiture of episcopal sees and abbeys to be granted by the delivery of this emblem. Hence, when St. Wulstan, bishop of Worcester, was required by Lanfranc, archbishop of Canterbury, in a synod held at Westminster, to surrender his crosier as a mark of his resigning his see, he went and placed it on the tomb of the said St. Edward, saying that he would return it to the person from whom he had received it. It is recorded of one of our prelates, Ulf, bishop of Dorchester, that being present at the synod of Verceil, held by Leo IX in 1050, he had great difficulty to prevent *his pastoral staff from being broken*, as he was proved to be ignorant of the duties of a bishop. It was, at one time, the custom to degrade episcopal impostors, by breaking their staffs upon their heads.

The most ancient crosiers appear to have been much shorter than those of succeeding ages. That of St. Severinus, bishop of Cologne, who died in the year 400, served him as a walking stick. That of St. Bernard, the famous abbot of Clairvaux, in the twelfth century, which was preserved till the late revolution, in the monastery of Afflingham, near Bruxells, was not much longer. It is, however, to be observed that this saint was a great enemy to every thing which had the appearance of pomp or magnificence, particularly in monasteries, and was very violent against the use of the mitre by abbots, which began to prevail in his time. It is equally certain that the crosiers were anciently

much more simple in their construction than they were latterly. They either resembled a plain shepherd's crook, or, at most, consisted of a volute, like that in an Ionic capital. It is true, however, that these curves, if not the whole staff, were frequently ornamented with ivory or the precious metals. The length and the form of those in question may be judged of by the above mentioned bas-reliefs and statues, and by all others of the same dates. Like the mitres, the crosiers grew taller and more ornamented after the twelfth century, till the latter attained to their *ne plus ultra* of magnificence and elegance in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, as those of William of Wykeham and of Cornelius O'Deagh demonstrate. It is agreed that the abbots, and other superiors of monasteries, did not borrow the use of the pastoral staff, like that of the mitre, from the bishops, but that they were in the possession of it in every age since the institution of their profession, and in every country, this being the chief ensign of their pastoral office, and the mark of their power. Though there was no law to restrain them from vieing with the bishops in the magnificence of their crosiers (as was the case with respect to their mitres), yet there was a rule which required them to hang a *sudarium*, or veil, to their staffs, by way of token that their authority was of a secret and subordinate nature. This token, however, was generally laid aside by the abbots of exempt abbeys; but it is always seen attached to the crosiers of abbesses, from which it hangs floating like an ornamental flag. Another distinction between the crosiers of the bishops and monastic superiors, which, I presume, is observed by artists in general, regards the manner of holding them. The bishop is directed to turn the crook of his crosier, as he holds it in his left hand, forward toward the people, to signify that his jurisdiction extends over them; whereas the abbot ought to turn his *backward*, towards himself, to indicate that his authority only regards himself and his private community. Few antiquaries are supposed to be ignorant that the pastoral staff of an archbishop is not a hooked crosier, but a processional cross. A patriarch, or primate, has two transverse bars upon it; the pope has three. The carrying of such a cross before a metropolitan, in any place, was a mark that he claimed jurisdiction there. Hence, when Geoffry Plantagenet, archbishop of York, and brother of Richard I, found that he could not be allowed to have his pastoral cross carried before him at the second solemn coronation of that monarch, which took place in 1194, at Winchester, in the province of Canterbury, he became indignant, and refused to assist at the ceremony. I have only to add that both the mitre and the crosier appear upon the monuments of many modern bishops of the established church since the reformation, and, among others, upon that of Bishop Hoadly, in Winchester cathedral, and that real mitres and crosiers of gilt metal are suspended over the remains of Bishop Morley, who died in 1684; and of Bishop Mews, who died in 1706. I must not, however, forget what I have learned from the present Earl Marshal, that the mitre, which at the present day is barely seen on the carriages of English and Irish bishops, is actually worn by them in the ceremony of a coronation, at which they assist.

FESTIVALS AMONG THE JEWS.

(From the Orthodox Journal of Useful Knowledge.)

HE Feast of Trumpets announced the beginning of the year, and as the day which begins a year resembles that which concludes it—as the sun is neither more beautiful nor more radiant when it rises than when it sets—mankind have thought it necessary to mark it by some circumstance; we have our visits, our wishings of a happy new year; the Israelites saluted the first day of the new born year with sound of trumpet, and Moses ordained that on that day sacrifices should be offered to God, the king of ages.

The *Neomenias,* or first days of each month, were a sort of continuation of the *Feast of Trumpets;* it was also a mark in the division of time. The law did not enjoin repose on the days of the Neomenia, but it prescribed sacrifices and prayers in the temple.

The *Feast of Expiation* was celebrated on the tenth day of the month *Tizri,* which was the first day of the civil year; it was called also the feast of *Chippur,* or Kippur, which means *pardon;* the design of its institution was to disarm the justice of God by repentance, tears and sacrifices. Thus, in order that the new year might be happy, they repented of their sins committed during the past year. Even then they knew that repentance is the second innocence of man, and that nothing is so agreeable to God as a contrite and humble heart. So that Israel, during this festival of pardon, humbled itself to the dust, wept and groaned before the God of mercies, and all the multitude of its people falling down before God as one man, waited in silence till some drops from the blood of the sacrifice fell on them to wash them from their guilt, and blot out their sins. On this festival, which was one of the most solemn, the high priest, after having washed not only his hands and feet, as for ordinary sacrifice, but having plunged over-head into the laver, clothed himself in habits of simple linen; splendid vestments, ornaments of gold and silver, not being suitable for an expiatory sacrifice, he did not clothe himself with any of the pomps of the altar, and he advanced towards the holy of holies in the tunic worn by the other priests. Arrived at the altar of sacrifice, he first immolated a young bull and a ram for his own sins and those of the priests; he placed his hands on the heads of these victims, and confessed his own sins and those of his house; then he received from the princes of the tribes two goats for sin, and a ram to be offered as a holocaust in the name of all the multitude. They drew lots to see which goat should be immolated to the Lord, and which should be set at liberty. When the victims had been designated, the high priest took fire from the a tar of incense, filled a golden censer with it, and having put incense into it, entered the sanctuary enveloped in a cloud of perfumes. After his prayer he raised up the sacred veil, returned to the altar of holocausts, and offered in sacrifice the goat on which the lot of immolation had fallen. Then he took some of the blood of the young bull that had been first offered in sacrifice; he bore it in a golden vessel behind the veil of the holy of holies, and then dipping his fingers into the blood of the victim, he sprinkled it seven times around the ark. After this aspersion he again came from the sanctuary, took some

of the blood of the goat which had been slain, and sprinkled with it the sanctuary, the tabernacle, and the court. During all these purifications, he was alone in the presence of God; he was accompanied by none of the other priests, and the people, remaining without the sacred tent or temple, could not see him. The sanctuary, the court, and the altar having been thus purified, the emissary goat, or azazel, as it is sometimes called, was brought to the high priest, who, laying his hand on the head of the goat, confessed his own sins and those of the people. When this symbolical ceremony was over, the goat, loaded with the sins of the people, and the imprecations of the priest, was driven into the desert, and set at liberty; or, according to others, was driven down a precipice in which it perished. It was not till after the accomplishment of these various rites that the priest resumed the dress worn on great solemnities: the ephod, the rational, and the robe of blue. Clothed in this magnificent attire, he offered two rams as a holocaust, one for himself, and the other for all the children of Israel. Thus terminated the *Feast of Expiation* amongst the Hebrews, a festival teeming with prophetic figures, to appease the Most High, that his mercy might disarm his justice. The men who lived under the old law had to offer in sacrifice only bulls and heifers, goats and rams, lambs and doves, bread and wine, fruits and flowers. And Jehovah, awaiting the great expiation, the great sacrificer and the great victim, condescended to receive these offerings, the mysterious symbols of the sacrifice of the new law, which is the only sacrifice worthy of the Divine Majesty, since it is a God immolated to a God!

The *Feast of Tabernacles* was to the Jews what Corpus Christi is to us—the most pleasing, and the most poetic festival—the festival of the fields and fine weather, the festival of palms and verdure. This solemnity, which the people of God celebrated with so much fondness, was instituted to remind the children of Israel that they had long sojourned in the desert, without having any fixed dwellings, without houses, without cities, and that they went wherever it pleased the Lord to conduct them. By thinking of the time spent in the desert in marching through the lands of Moab and Ammon, the Jews were forcibly reminded of all the prodigies performed in their behalf, and of all the blessings shed on them; of the cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night; of the water gushing from the rock under the rod of Moses, and of manna falling from heaven; and mind it is good and salutary for nations, as well as for individuals, to remember early times, the days of infancy; for when the thoughts of innocence return to the mind, men feel themselves better and purer, lest too wide a chasm, too glaring an inconsistency should be presented between their present and past lives. With great joy during the beautiful closing season of the year, when the earth was teeming with abundance, and fruits, and rich harvest covered the land, did the children of Israel go forth from their stone dwellings, from their cities begirt with high walls, and pour themselves abroad in the country, to live during seven days and seven nights under the cooling shade of bowers formed of the branches of trees. There was an end to care, to labor, to business, to the din and tumult of cities; the perfumed air of the country, the smiling aspect of the fields, the joy of meals eaten in common under shady bowers, the harmony of sacred canticles, poetry, and that peaceful content which accompanies religious festivals, spread joy and happiness around.

At that time young men went out into the forests, and along the banks of streams, and bore away from the trees their most bushy branches; then, bending under their green burdens, returned to their fathers, to their mothers, to their sisters, and the family united in raising, strengthening, and ornamenting the tent or tabernacle which they had to inhabit during this holy

and joyous week. We see people who are fond of festivals, and kings who wish to grant them to them in order to prevent discontent against their power; but these festivals, in spite of all the decrees, the edicts, and the laws passed to establish and render them popular, still remain without expressions of joy, without signs of happiness, without chance of lasting; under porticos, raised at great expense, the crowd passes with indifference; curiosity prompts them to open their eyes, but their hearts do not beat with enthusiasm; know you the reason? because the God of our old country, the God who rejoiced the youth of our fathers, is not invited to these festivals, and because they originate from a design that is neither pure, just, nor religious. It was not thus amongst the people of God; and this is the reason that their rejoicings have survived all the sorrows of centuries, and even more in the sorrowful synagogues of the Jews, there is still a pale reflection of the *Feast of Tabernacles.* How beautiful those poetic solemnities must have been in the fields of Idumea, under such an azure sky, when the inhabitants of the cities, joining those of the country, gave animation to all those solitudes, enlivened the hills and the valleys, covering their sides and the banks of torrents with their thousands of leafy dwellings. Do you see that long file of men and women, of old men and children? Through the tents of the people they walk in processional order to the tabernacle of the Lord. The little children and their mothers, the young men and maidens, the old men and the priests are carrying in their hands branches of palm, willow, myrtle, and citron. To the branches of the last the golden fruit is still hanging, and all the multitude, bearing green branches, presents at a distance the appearance of a moving forest. Around the altar of holocausts, on which sacrifices are offered morning and evening, the priests pour wine and oil, and the pure water of the fountain of Siloe, and whilst the high priest, clothed in his azure robe fringed with golden bells, prays for Israel, Israel shake all their branches and all their palms, and cry aloud to the Lord, Hosanna! hosanna! On which account this festival, which was celebrated at the beginning of autumn, is called the *Feast of Hosanna,* and the *Feast of Palms.*

There was also the *Feast of Lots,* or the *Festival of Purim* or Phurim, established in memory of the deliverance of the Jews, whom Aman had intended to destroy; it came in the month of *Adar,* which answers to our February. Before drawing lots, the Hebrews always offered an alms; by the urn in which the dice stood, they placed another to receive the piece of money destined for the relief of those who were compelled to eat with tears the hard bread of misery; so that we see it has been long customary amongst men to gain Almighty God in some way or other, and arrange him on their side; before drawing lots they gave an alms, in order to render fortune favorable.

The day on which Judith had delivered Israel, by killing Holofernes, continued to be observed as a festival long after the brave woman of Bethulia had descended with glory to the tomb of Manasses.

The anniversaries of the *Dedication of the Temple,* of the *Death of Nicanor,* of the discovery of the sacred fire under Nehemia, of the feast of Xylophorus, on which they carried wood to the temple, were sanctified by repose and prayer, by hymns and sacrifices. These days were alike pleasing to the people and to God, for they were all remembrances of country; and it is God who has put love of country into the heart of man; on the day that he commanded them to honor the tombs of their ancestors, to follow the laws given to their fathers, to preserve their usages, to defend the altar, the temple or the tabernacle at which they had prayed; on that day he gave them a command to love their country; for country is the past guarded by the present, and leagued with the future. It is the living generation watching over the ashes of

generations passed away, and exclaiming to those that have to follow: Love what we have loved; honor what we have honored, and let our God always be your God! Do people who love change love their country? I think not. The man who pulls down the house of his father, and who, to live at his ease, displaces the tomb of his mother, is not a respectful son.

RECEPTION OF THE FRENCH CLERGY IN ENGLAND.

(From Charles Butler's Memoirs.)

TOWARDS the end of the month of August, 1792, the national assembly of France passed a decree, which ordered that all ecclesiastics, who had not taken the civil oath—an oath which no conscientious and well-informed ecclesiastic could lawfully take—or who, having taken it, had retracted it, should, within the term of eight days, quit their diocesses, and, within the term of fifteen, leave the kingdom, under pain of imprisonment for ten years.

This decree, the massacres of the second and third of the following September, the subsequent massacres, a subsequent decree of deportation, and finally, the French invasion of Holland, where large numbers of the lay emigrants and deported priests had taken refuge, occasioned the arrivals of them, in large numbers, in England; so that, in the end, the number of deported priests exceeded eight thousand; and that of lay emigrants exceeded two thousand; we may add to them the foreign and English nuns, who took refuge in this country.

At the respectable and afflicting spectacle, which so many sufferers for conscientious adherence to religious principle, presented, the English heart showed all its worth. A general appeal to the public was resolved upon. The late Mr. John Wilmot, then member of parliament for the city of Coventry, took the lead in this work of beneficence. The plan of it was concerted by him, Mr. Edmund Burke, and Sir Philip Metcalfe. An address to the public was accordingly framed by Mr. Burke, and inserted in all the newspapers. It produced a subscription of 33,775*l.* 15*s.* 9½*d.* This ample sum, for a time, supplied the wants of the sufferers. At length, however, it was exhausted; and, in the following year, another subscription was set on foot. The venerable name of King George III appeared first on this list. This subscription amounted to the sum of 41,304*l.* 12*s.* 6½*d.* But this, too, was exhausted.

The measure of private charity being thus exceeded, parliament interposed, and from December, 1793, voted annually a sum for the relief of the ecclesiastic and lay emigrants. This appears, by an account which the writer received from Mr. Wilmot, to have reached, on the seventh day of June, 1806, the sum of 1,864,825*l.* 9*s.* 8*d.* The management of these sums was left to a committee, of which Mr. Wilmot was the president; and the committee confided the distribution of the succors of the clergy to the bishop of St. Pol de Léon. A general scale for the distribution of the succors was fixed; the bishops and the magistracy received an allowance somewhat larger than others; but the largest allowance was small, and none was made to those who had other means of subsistence. The munificence

of parliament did not, however, suspend the continuance of private charity. Individual kindness and aid accompanied the emigrants to the last. Here the writer begs leave to mention an instance of the splendid munificence of the late Earl Rosslyn, then chancellor of England. It was mentioned at his lordship's table, that the chancellor of France was distressed by not being able to procure the discount of a bill which he had brought from France. "The chancellor of England," said Lord Rosslyn, "is the only person to whom the chancellor of France should apply to discount his bills." The money was immediately sent; and, while the seals remained in his hands, he annually sent a sum of equal amount to the chancellor of France.

At Winchester, at Guildford, and in other places, public buildings were appropriated for the accommodation of the clergy. In the hurry in which they had been forced to fly, many of them had been obliged to leave behind them their books of prayer. To supply, in part, this want, the university of Oxford printed for them two thousand copies of the Vulgate version of the New Testament, from the edition of Barbou; and the late marquis of Buckingham printed an equal number of copies of the same sacred work, at his own expense.

Every rank and description of persons exerted itself for their relief. There is reason to suppose that the money contributed for this honorable purpose, by individuals whose donations never came before the public eye, was equal to the largest of the two subscriptions which have been mentioned. To the very last, Mr. John Wilmot continued his kind and minute attention to the noble work of humanity. It adds incalculably to its merit, that it was not a sudden burst of beneficence; it was a cool, deliberate, and systematic exertion, which charity dictated, organized, and continued for a long succession of years; and which, in its last year, was as kind, as active, and as energetic as in its first.

Among the individuals who made themselves most useful, one unquestionably holds the first place. "At the name," says the Abbé Barruel, "of Mrs. Dorothy Silburn, every French priest raises his hand to heaven, to implore its blessings on her." The bishop of St. Pol took his abode in her house, and it soon became the central point to which every Frenchman in distress found his way. It may easily be conceived that, great as were the sums appropriated for the relief of the French clergy, the number of those who partook of them was so large as to make the allowance of each a scanty provision, even for bare subsistence; so that all were obliged to submit to great privations, and, from one circumstance or other, some were occasionally in actual want. Here Mrs. Silburn interfered. Where more food, more raiment, more medicine, than the succors afforded were wanted, it was generally procured by her, or her exertions. Work and labor she found for those who sought them. The soothing word, the kind action, never failed her. All the unpleasantness which distress unavoidably creates she bore with patience. Her incessant exertions she never abated. The scenes thus described by the writer, he himself witnessed; and all who beheld them felt and remarked that much of the success, and the excellent management which attended the good work, was owing to her. To use the expression of a French prelate, "the glory of the nation, on this occasion, was increased by the part which Mrs. Silburn acted in it." On the final closing of the account, his majesty was graciously pleased to show his sentiments of her conduct by granting to her an annual pension of 100*l.* for her life; never was a pension better merited.

On the other hand, the conduct of the objects of this bounty was most edifying. Thrown, on a sudden, into a foreign country, differing from theirs in language, manners, habits, and religion, the uniform tenor of their decorous and pious lives obtained for them universal regard. Their

attachment to their religious creed they neither concealed nor obtruded. It was evidently their first object to find opportunities of celebrating the sacred mysteries, and of reciting the offices of their liturgy. Most happy was he who obtained the cure of a congregation; or who, like the Abbé Caron, could establish some institution useful to his countrymen. Who does not respect feelings at once so respectable and so religious? Hence flowed their cheerfulness and serenity of mind above suffering and want. "I saw them," a gentleman said to the writer of these pages, "hurrying, in the bitterest weather, over the ice of Holland, when the French invaded that territory. They had scarcely the means of subsistence; the wind blew; the snow fell; the army was fast approaching, and they knew not where to hide their heads; yet these men were cheerful." They did honor to religion; and the nation, that so justly appreciated their merit, did honor to itself.

The lay emigrants were chiefly composed of the provincial nobility. Their willing exertions to increase their small subsistence were truly honorable. With this view, magistrates became preceptors; painting, drawing, and music were taught by ladies who, in happier hours, had learned them for ornament; the son refused no occupation which gave him the means of assisting his parent; the daughter was the maid of all work to her family. It is surprising how soon they qualified themselves, in one form or other, for useful employments; none thought that a disgrace which attachment to his king, or love of his religion made necessary.

Having mentioned the edifying conduct of the French deported clergy, and French emigrant laity, during this dreadful era of the revolution, it remains to make a similar short mention of the conduct of the emigrant nuns. The pious tenor of their conventual lives has been faithfully described by the Rev. Mr. John Fletcher, the Roman Catholic pastor of Weston-Underwood, in Buckinghamshire, in the third of his learned, elegant, and instructive Sermons on various Religious and Moral Subjects, a work expressing the doctrine and morality of the Gospel, in the mild attractive language of Saint Francis of Sales.

When the hour of trial came, the conduct of these pious recluses was uniformly edifying. On every occasion they exhibited the greatest patience and fortitude, and an unconquerable adherence to principles. The French philosophers had unceasingly predicted that the doors of the convents would be no sooner opened, and their inmates legally emancipated from their vows, than they would rush to freedom, marriage, and dissipation. Of this there was hardly an instance; while the conduct of an immense majority invariably showed how sincerely they despised both the blandishments and the terrors of the world which they had quitted. Some of them braved persecution, and even death itself, in its most hideous form. On one occasion the fatal cart conveyed the superior of a convent, and all her claustral family, to the guillotine. In the road to it they sung, in unison, the litanies of the Virgin Mary. At first they were received with curses, ribaldry, and the other usual abominations of a French mob. But it was not long before their serene demeanor and pious chant subdued the surrounding brutality; and the multitude attended them, in respectful silence, to the place of execution. The cart moved slowly; all the while the nuns continued the pious strain. When the cart reached the guillotine, each, till the instrument of death touched her, sustained it. As each died, the sound became proportionably weaker; at last the superior's single note was heard, and soon was heard no more. For once the French mob was affected; in silence, and apparently with some compunctious visitations, they returned to their homes.

Throughout their dispersion the nuns retained, undiminished, their attachment to their religious rule. Whenever oppor-

Retreat.—A spiritual retreat for the laity will be opened at the cathedral on Passion Sunday, March 24, under the direction of the Rev. Father McElroy, S. J.

A New Paper.—We have been requested to call the particular attention of the public to the following prospectus of a paper to be published in behalf of St. Vincent's Male Orphan Asylum in Baltimore. The charitable object contemplated will no doubt obtain for this undertaking a numerous list of patrons.

Prospectus of the Wreath of Charity, a daily paper to be issued during the fair, which will be held in the month of April for the benefit of St. Vincent's Male Orphan Asylum, in Baltimore.

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

St. Vincent's Asylum in Baltimore contains nearly fifty inmates, who are supported and educated under the maternal charge of the Sisters of Charity. Such has been the rapid increase in the number of orphans admitted into the institution, that the managers are compelled to appeal again in its behalf to the charity and liberality of the public. Several benevolent ladies have, therefore, united for the purpose of holding a fair in April next, the profits of which will be applied to the support of the asylum: and, by way of aiding in this work of truly Christian philanthropy, a paper will be published every day during the fair, entitled the *Wreath of Charity*, the contents of which will consist of *historical narratives, interesting tales, essays, poetry, anecdotes*, &c. It is hoped that the gifted sons and daughters of genius will cheerfully assist in weaving the beauteous wreath of charity, and that a liberal community will enhance its worth and brilliancy, by rendering the flowers that adorn it so many precious gems for the treasury of the orphan.

The *Wreath of Charity* will be printed on fine paper, and in handsome style. Each number will contain eight pages super royal 8vo., and will be embellished with a beautiful vignette and fancy title. Subscription to the whole series, consisting of six numbers, $1. Single papers, 25 cts.

Contributions and subscriptions are respectfully solicited. Address Editor of the *Wreath of Charity*, 178 Market st., Balt.

Diocess of Richmond.—*Pastoral Letter of Bishop Whelan.—To our beloved brethren of the Clergy and Laity of the Diocess of Richmond. "Grace to you, and peace from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ."* Dearly beloved: Although we enjoyed, but a few months since, the pleasure of mutual greeting and personal communication; yet a concurrence of circumstances seems to demand of us, at the present time, a few words of pastoral exhortation. We are drawing near to the commencement of the lenten fast, those days of penitential observance to which the church especially applies the inspired words of ancient prophecy: "In an acceptable time I have heard thee; and in the day of salvation I have helped thee." (*Is.* xlix, 8.) Encouraging her children to walk in the footsteps of their noble and generous predecessors in the faith; to adopt the spirit of self-denial, which so greatly aided the earlier Christians to ascend the loftiest heights of virtue: "Behold *now*," she exclaims, "*now* is the acceptable time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation." An acceptable sight, indeed, it is to heaven, to behold the sinner, penitent and stricken with shame and confusion, anxious to punish in himself, by present restriction, past indulgence; to mortify and humble the rebellious propensities which have hitherto refused submission to the law of God; and to weaken, at the same time, the domestic enemies whose treason may again expose him to unsuspected perils. What a glorious evidence of the power of grace, and the strength of faith, when, to resemble the Redeemer, weak and corrupted nature can be so far subdued as to deny itself the enjoyment of the present, in the hope of the future; and man, in his fallen state, can be persuaded to take up with alacrity and cheerfulness his cross, to follow Christ, trusting with unflinching confidence in the divine declaration, that we shall be "joint heirs with Christ; yet so if we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified with him." And to the conscience, too, what a consoling testimony that our love is not in word only, but in deed, when compassionating our Redeemer's sufferings, endured for us, we punish in ourselves the members that have sinned against him.

It is this triumph of faith, victorious, in every Christian clime, over the appetites of flesh and blood; it is that wide-spread sub-

mission to the command of her, the spouse "without spot or wrinkle," whose voice we are bidden to hear, which is peculiarly grateful to the heart of God during the penitential season. It is this commingling our tears with his, this commiseration of his sufferings, this sharing in his pains, which moves to compassion the bosom of our Redeemer, as did the kind and considerate words of the criminal who died by his side. Again, it is the united voice of millions, poured forth in fervent prayer to the throne of grace for pity and pardon, and a renovated spirit and co-operating grace—a petition which heaven is pledged to hear; it is this which makes the season of Lent "the day of salvation."

To you, beloved, placed as a sentinel to guard the flock, to you we sound in advance the warning notes of approaching redemption: "The kingdom of heaven is at hand." Are you disposed to reject the proffered mercy? While the church, like the parent of the prodigal, rejoices over her penitent children, shall she still mourn over your blind attachment to sin, and your insensibility to the awful destiny of mispent time, unrepented guilt? "Despisest thou the riches of God's goodness, and patience, and long suffering? Knowest thou not that the benignity of God leadeth thee to penance?" When our mother is cruelly assailed by the united efforts of heresy and infidelity, will her children be indifferent spectators of the struggle? When her doctrines and practices are alike represented in the most odious colors which fiendish malice can invent, will the faithful, by their disregard of the laws of God, furnish a pretext for the calumnious imputations? When thousands of our race, blinded by their seducers, are rushing onward to everlasting misery, will you, brethren, be unmindful of the requirements of charity, which demands of you not edification only by your example, but fervent prayer in behalf of the wandering?

We may plant and water, but God alone can give the increase. In vain will the press spread out to view the evidences of truth; in vain even will the voice of the successors of the apostles be raised to proclaim unto the bounds of the earth the tidings of salvation, unless "the day of visitation" have arrived, and grace make the seed spring into life. It was the prophet's prayer which hastened the moment of the deliverance of God's chosen people, and their return to "the land of promise." Prayer is the condition to which heaven still seems to attach its choicest favors.

Already have the supplications of our brethren beyond the Atlantic been addressed to the Most High in behalf of the victims of delusion and error: and the event has manifested how agreeable to our common Father was the charitable and earnest appeal of the faithful for the wandering. Now, therefore, when the waters are troubled, as it were, by the angel; when dissension and division have reared their head amidst almost every sectarian body around us, the harbingers, according to the divine word, of approaching dissolution: "Every kingdom divided against itself shall be made desolate;"—let us have recourse, with more earnestness and zeal, to this powerful weapon in the spiritual warfare. Let us offer to heaven, by our united supplications, that holy violence in which it delights: "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence; and the violent bear it away." Believers in the "communion of saints," satisfied of that interest which is felt by the blessed above for their struggling brethren here below, let us invoke their powerful assistance, that a consummation may be effected which will rejoice alike men and angels, the return of the prodigal.

But especially, dearly beloved, invoke the aid of that immaculate Mother, from whose substance was formed the body of your Redeemer, that body which toiled and suffered for our sins, and by whose blood our iniquities were washed away. While modern heresy has outdone the infidel in hurling censure and vituperation upon the faithful servants of God, because precisely they fulfilled to the letter the teachings of revelation, it seems to have attacked, with special delight and peculiar venom, the singular privileges of Mary, which the words of inspiration attest: "From henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." So would it appear, has her divine Son declared, in a most conspicuous manner, the efficacy of Mary's intercession, condemning even by the evidence of miracles, the mad attempts of the enemies at once of the "Virgin Mother and of virginity."

That you may participate more largely in her prayers, we cordially invite you to associate yourselves with a fraternity, recently established, to defend her glorious privileges,

a Letter of Adieu to the Hierarchy," was inundating the heterodox bookselling shops in Germany, and the apostate had acquired a gigantic reputation. Then he deemed himself possessed of abundant power to assume a preponderating attitude in the sect by making himself the founder of a community, called the Rongian church. It is here that special attention should be directed to his narrative by any one who wishes to form a correct idea of what a church of that kind must be: "I am not," says he, in his recantation, "I am not a man to arm myself with ridicule when the question is to combat facts or things of any importance; but, in very truth, whosoever has had the means of knowing the system of Germano-Catholicism as I know it, can speak of it only with contemptuous ridicule, which is also the quietest manner of dealing with it." "Two men were found, then four, then five others, who, under my direction, consented to organize themselves into a church. For my own part, I took up the matter seriously, though from time to time I heard, like the great reformer, deep in my conscience, an accusing voice, asking of me if that which I had undertaken was just and true, and if it were possible that I could comprehend those things better than this church, which had been engaged in instructing men for fifteen hundred years? (See the writings of Luther.) These questions had nothing to intimidate me, and I resolutely continued my work without scruple and without remorse." "We had held several public meetings, in which I alone was always charged to speak, for the others were good for nothing, save to listen to me. I had been unanimously named president, another secretary, and a third (out of six) cash keeper, which was looked upon as the most important of all, as I often gave it to be understood in my discourses. The city magistrate had allowed us a locality, where I established an altar, which I took care to cover with a piece of scarlet cloth, and to ornament with a little crucifix in glass, and with a pair of candlesticks. Placed behind this altar, I every Sunday, for three or four hours, gave out my homilies, which were listened to in general by about three or four hundred of the curious, whom our journals asserted to be members of our church. In fact, we were no more than a dozen, and sometimes fifteen. At that time all the heterodox journals of Germany proclaimed me to be the great apostle of Suabia. But alas! if any one could have read the depths of my heart! One of the most zealous members of our community, the barber, Freu, was our poet. To him we committed, *ad interim*, the sacerdotal duties of our church; but the very first time he officiated we had an opportunity of convincing ourselves of the immense error we had been guilty of by our forgetfulness of getting him previousty to recite the Lord's prayer. At the fourth petition of this prayer he stopped short, so that I myself, the president and preacher of the community had to extricate him from this emergency. No man will venture to contradict the statement of this fact, which had for witnesses about thirty of the middle class men of the town. My two assistants were acquainted with religious questions, particularly with whatever regarded our new confession, about as well as savages know trigonometry. But, to make amends for this deficiency, they were exceedingly docile, and imitated me in all things, and executed with punctuality every thing which I ordered them to do. We had invited to our aid the self-styled priest Kerbler, whom the journals had described as a real enchanter in Rongian matters. We hoped that he, by his eloquence, would succeed in bringing over to us new brethren. In the number of fifteen, which we had at no time been able to exceed, was a literary man, a public writer, a quartermaster of a regiment, and our bard, the barber; the remainder consisted of day laborers, of ditchers, and of the overseers of workmen employed on the works of the fortifications of Ulm. We paid a visit (Kerbler and myself) to the Protestant dean, Landerer, with whom Kerbler, whose language from the very first assumed a character of the very highest importance, engaged in a dispute so indecent that the dean put him out the door, and bade him never more to have the audacity of entering his house." We spare our readers the thousand other insolent pretensions of this newly fashioned pastor, in order to follow him for a moment into the oratory of his sect. His stereotyped sermon was generally a commentary on the text, "there shall be but one flock and one shepherd." He gave his communion to any one who wished to receive it. "No more ceremony (said he, in language grossly impious) is needed for the distribution of a morsel of bread and a glass of wine." He de-

clared on the same evening that he received the act of adhesion of ten or twelve new neophytes, while only one, in reality, had affixed his signature. Several other deeds of imposture and of hypocrisy, speedily unveiled, forced him to fly from Ulm with less bustle than he had come there. After him the community thought of reinforcing themselves by the acquisition of one Würmlé, an apostate priest of the diocess of Constance. The rival of his predecessor in hypocrisy, he walked at a slow pace with his head bent downward, and his eyes fixed on the ground. But scarcely was he installed when he arrayed himself in the most costly manner, and took a magnificent lodging, all at the expense of the community. "'What is the use of all this expenditure?' said I to him with a confiding friendship. The reverend smiled on me with an easy air, and, after a while, replied: 'Now, assure yourself, M. Chownitz, that my intention is to get my former followers to come here,' &c. That was quite enough for me. This then, said I to myself, is the man who, being summoned before the metropolitan court to justify himself against certain accusations, had insolently replied: 'I am a German, and a man of honor, and in the orders of this court I can see nothing but Roman cunning opposed to German probity!'" We do not think there now remains any thing to be added to this short sketch of the worship of the Germano-Catholic church, and of the characters of the apostate priests who preside over it. As to M. Chownitz, his eyes became unsealed, and by a signal favor of heaven, whilst he was still undecided between a repentance for the evil he had done and his fear of the outrages which his old friends and patrons were about to pour prodigally on his head, he was attacked by a malady that brought him almost to the verge of the grave. Then he once more awakened within his soul, with his previous belief, his fear of the judgments of God, and in a short time, he adopted the firm resolution of returning back again to the bosom of his merciful mother church. In fact, ere well convalescent, he crawled to his office and wrote to the venerable curé Hemisben, in Mayence. He addressed this worthy minister of the church, because that, full of faith and charity, he had, a few years previously written in the public journals a letter administering to him a sharp, though a charitable correction. Thus he, whose just severity had inflicted a chastisement upon him, was destined, at a later time, to become his saviour, his guide, and his most compassionate friend. "I had," said he, "most excellent reasons for making my determination a profound mystery; I knew my former adepts, and I was aware that they were capable of making it cost me dearly. I had already known them to be furious, because that towards the end of my illness and during my convalescence I had ordered my door to be shut against them, and broken off all my relations with them. My departure for Mayence became the signal for their most injurious recriminations." "Such," says M. Chownitz, "is the morality of the German Catholics—such their justice—such their charity! As long as one belongs to them he is a great man, but when he abandons them they are sure to fling the filthiest mire in his face. And those are the folk who complain of the publications of their adversaries, and cry out against the passion, and the hatred, and the partiality of the Catholics? Let my example serve as a means of estimating them at their proper value! They owed to me a too disastrous gratitude, for it was I who founded and established their community. Alas! alas! how true it is that he who soweth the wind shall reap the hurricane!" M. Chownitz concludes his little work by the announcement to the entire of Germany that on the 30th of August last he has enjoyed the unspeakable happiness of finding grace in the presence of God and of his true church. After having pronounced the profession of faith decreed by the holy council of Trent, he received the sacraments of penance and of the eucharist from the hands of the curé Hemisben, in his parish church of St. Christopher. A charity, purely apostolic, had induced the bishop of Mayence to receive the prodigal child in his own palace. He had conferred on M. Hemisben the extraordinary powers which were required by him in order to reconcile with the church the author of so enormous a scandal. God, in his infinite mercy, will, perhaps, be pleased to convert this second Saul into a vessel of election for the salvation and the triumph of his church. In the meantime M. Chownitz, by his noble and courageous retractation, has, at all events, the merit of being the first to have lifted the curtain which has heretofore covered in concealment the impiety of the Rongists. The

affliction which the Catholic church sometimes suffers at the defection of some of its members, is frequently consoled by the return to the fold of one of those wandering sheep. *La Gazette de Silésie* (the *Gazette of Silesia*) confirms the report which had been spread abroad of the return of M. Rudolphe, who had attached himself to the schism of Czersky, and whom this heresiarch had established as the curé of his sect in Dantzig. For some time a rival of Dawiat, he at length recognised his error, and straightway repaired to Neisse, where he solemnly made abjuration of his apostacy. He now demands canonical penance, in order to render himself worthy of the mercy of the church, and to obtain from her the signal grace of being reintegrated in the sacerdotal functions. Such a good example of a return to the faith, and to a submission to the just rigors of penitence, will not be, it is to be hoped, without some influence on some of the accomplices of his errors.—*Ami de la Religion.*

Ireland.—*Missionary College of All Hallows, Dromcondra.*—We take the following letter, signed "T. D." from the *Halifax* (Nova Scotia) *Register* of Nov. 25:—One of the most interesting and efficient colleges in the united kingdom requires something more than to be named. The establishment called "All Hallows" originated in the difficulties which your colonial Catholics have so often experienced at the obtaining of accomplished priests for the foreign missions. The Rev. John Hand, a student of Maynooth, had heard of the position of his countrymen abroad, of the apostacies occasioned by a deficiency of apostolic priests, and grave scandals arising out of ignorance, and other causes which too often raised obstacles in the way of true religion, and sometimes destroyed it. Father Hand determined on remedying the evil. He went to the continent; and I have heard it said, remained two years in the retirement of Saint Sulpice. He then went to Rome, and obtained the blessing of the head of the church on earth. Returning with the solace and sanction of authority, and cheered on by the sanctifying approval of the venerable archbishop of Dublin, he commenced the great work, and never has there been manifested by Providence a much more singular patronage than that which has marked the rise and progress of the institution. It has been hardly three years in existence, and already, in all the resources, physical and intellectual, which tend to the efficiency of a place of learning, I do not believe All Hallows inferior to any ecclesiastical colleges in the country. All Hallows is beautifully situated in the vicinity of Phibsborough, about one mile from the Irish metropolis. It is the first or second of that series of domains which, commencing near Dublin, continuing to Clontarf, and running towards Howth, strike the eye of the summer tourist with an amazement like that which might arise from the sudden creation of magic. At every step you are presented with a new view, awakened to the contemplation of a new beauty. I was as proud as an Irishman could be of the majestic rivers of America, and the limitless riches of her far-stretching prairies; but, though intoxicated by the vision, I soon awoke; and the want of a new phase often pained and disappointed me. But here vista after vista presents new wonders, creates new feelings, and swells the soul with pride of country. But where am I wandering? The college of All Hallows is, as I said, on the first or second of these domains. The entrances, one on Phibsborough, and a second on the opposite side by the Dromcondra road, are long walks, very beautifully planted. The principal portion of the pile of building, occupied by the professors, is a splendid baronial mansion of the seventeenth century. It is of massive cut stone—is fronted by four pillars, with gorgeous Corinthian capitals, and surmounted at the top by four majestic stone vases—one on each corner. A noble balustrade ranges the grand front, beneath which the coat of arms, I believe of the "Coghill," is elaborately wrought in the stone. This remarkable mansion is surrounded by a park not unworthy of its plan and proportions. The boundaries of the estate, all around, are thickly planted—the old trees fantastically bending their branches to embower the walks; all around the mansion itself, the beautiful green expanse is dotted with ornamental yews and hawthorns, and "brave old oaks."

During this autumnal time, you have a view of some mountains in the distance; and the crowd of trees around, with their thousand November tints, impart a beauty not less interesting than in summer. The interior of All Hallows corresponds with the exterior. Its floors of oak, and some of its walls in the old poles and panneling, remind you of the solid

grandeur of the old times; while one of its mantelpieces would beggar a modern squire. But the most remarkable thing regarding this house is that it was the last residence—of whom? Why, of John Claudius Beresford! That house is now destined for the creation of a priesthood, although it once witnessed councils for their extirpation. Philosophize on that. Here are ten priests associated for the purpose of raising up a priesthood for the foreign missions. The education is of a most superior description; the discipline very exact, and the students of a very superior order. The funds are sufficient for the present exigencies. The number of inmates is, altogether, over eighty. The hour of rising is four o'clock, A. M., and the day from that hour is spent either in devotion or at study. I have rarely seen the professors and directors equalled; and I am certain that they are destined to exercise a mighty influence on the world by their exertions. The United States and colonial Catholics could not better dispose of some of their wealth, than by sending here the means of laying the foundation for foreign Catholicity, by opening a means to the piety and zeal of their countrymen to operate abroad.

The Sandwich Islands.—Who has not heard of the conversion of the people of the Sandwich Islands to Christianity by Protestant missionaries? Whenever Catholics challenged their sectarian opponents to adduce an instance of a heathen people having been converted by Protestant preachers, the answer incessantly repeated has been—the Sandwich Islands! A correspondent in the New York Evangelist who writes from those islands thus alludes to the subject of marriage and divorce.

"Facts enough have come to my knowledge while at these islands, to prove that the foreseen probability of being able to be married again, has operated as a premium to crime. *Persons discontented in their present marriage relations have actually committed crime in order that they might be released by divorce from a state that was grievous to them*, and be free after the lapse of time, more or less, to try the married life again with a new partner.

* * * * *

"There occurred a case while I was in Kohala, that seems so amusing, and withal not unnaturally connected with the matter in hand, that I will let it end these thoughts on marrying. At the Wednesday afternoon meeting, six or seven couples had presented themselves for marriage. When their names were called, one was found without his mate, and on the pastor's asking for her, 'Oh,' said the *sans culottes* bridegroom, 'she is at the door putting on her gown!!'"

What delicate minded Christians are found in the Sandwich Islands!—*Cath. Telegraph.*

DOMESTIC.

ARCHDIOCESS OF BALTIMORE.

Regulations for the ensuing Lent in this Diocess.

1. All the faithful who have completed their twenty-first year are, unless legitimately dispensed, bound to observe the Fast of Lent.

2. They are only to make one meal a day, excepting Sundays.

3. The meal allowed on fast-days is not to be taken till about noon.

4. At that meal, if on any day permission should be granted for eating flesh, both flesh and fish are not to be used at the same time.

5. A small refreshment, commonly called *collation*, is allowed in the evening; no general rule as to the quantity of food permitted at this time is or can be made. But the practice of the most regular Christians is, never to let it exceed the fourth part of an ordinary meal.

6. The quality of food allowed at a collation is, in this diocess, bread, butter, cheese, all kinds of fruit, salads, vegetables, and fish, though not warm, but fish previously prepared and grown cold. Milk and eggs are prohibited.

7. General usage has made it lawful to drink in the morning some warm liquid; as tea, coffee, or thin chocolate, made with water, to which a few drops of milk may be added, serving rather to color the liquids, than make them substantial food.

8. Necessity and custom have authorized the use of hog's lard, instead of butter, in preparing fish, vegetables, &c. &c. &c.

9. The following persons are exempted from the obligation of fasting: young persons under twenty-one years of age, the sick, pregnant women, or giving suck to infants, those who are obliged to hard labor, all who through weakness can not fast without great prejudic to their health.

10. By dispensation, the use of flesh-meat will be allowed at any time on Sundays, and once a day only on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays, with the exception of the first four days, and all Holy Week, including Palm Sunday.

† Samuel, *Archbishop of Baltimore.*

Given at Baltimore on the Feast of Saint John Chrysostom.

tunity offered, they formed themselves into bands for its observance; and the insulated individual seldom failed to practise it to the utmost of her power. Sometimes by succession or heirship, or from some other circumstance, wealth came in their way, but their spare diet, seclusion from the world, and regular prayer, continued; and what was not necessary to supply their wants of the first necessity, was charitably distributed.

That this picture of their conduct is not exaggerated all must acknowledge, who have seen the religious communities, to whom the incomparable munificence of this country afforded an asylum. No one has seen them without being edified by their virtues, at once amiable and heroic; few, without acknowledging their happiness. Their resignation to the persecution which they so undeservedly suffered, their patience, their cheerfulness, their regular discharge of their religious observances, and, above all, their noble confidence in divine Providence, have gained them the esteem of all who have known them. At a village near London a small community of Carmelites lived, for several months, almost without the elements of fire, water, or air. The two first (for water, unfortunately, was there a vendible commodity) they could little afford to buy; and from the last (their dress confining them to their shed) they were excluded. In the midst of this severe distress, which no spectator could behold unmoved, they were happy. Submission to the will of God, fortitude, and cheerfulness, never deserted them. A few human tears would fall from them when they thought of their convent; and with gratitude—the finest of human feelings—they abounded. In other respects, they seemed of another world. "Whatever withdraws us," says Dr. Johnson, "from the power of our senses; whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of rational beings." It would be difficult to point out any to whom this observation can be better applied than these venerable ladies—any who are more withdrawn from the power of the senses—over whose lives the past, the distant, and the future, more predominate, or over whom the present has less influence.

SUNSET ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

All joyous at my feet the valley smiled,
With many a meadow smooth, and woodland green,
While distant were the azure mountains seen,
And round were rocks in rude confusion piled;
Scarce stirred the forest, as the warm air, mild
And sweet, breathed through it; while the sunset sheen,
Gladdening the holy quiet of the scene,
Gilded the landscape fair, and ruins wild.
But glancing o'er the beautiful, the rude,
I gazed where the dim distance faintly lent
Its gray tints to the sky, with which it blent,
While mem'ry through the past her flight pursued,
And thought—not of the fairy outline spread to view—
But of warm hearts beyond, the loved, the tried, the true. A.

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

GERMANY.—The Germano-Catholic schism has just experienced a defection which, though not the first, has no less produced a profound impression in Germany; it may even be looked on as a symptom of the inevitable dissolution of the entire sect. Southern Germany seemed to offer to Rongism a ground far less favorable for its extension than Prussia, where it had its birth, or than Saxony and the adjoining sovereignties. Baden and Wurtemberg, especially, although both these states had supplied to the revolt a few bad Catholic priests, having a long time ago become highly corrupt both in doctrine and in morality, showed themselves particularly opposed to this incomprehensible system, self-styled Catholic. In vain did one Butterstein, a suspended priest, who had been, during several years, confined in a state prison for some civil misdeeds, endeavor to avail himself of the earliest days of his enlargement to declare himself a Rongist, and to invite some individuals, without a belief of any kind, to form themselves, under his direction, into a Rongian community. This summons received so little attention that its author ignominiously trailed his vile apostleship through all the taverns of Stutgard. But at that very time there unexpectedly arose, on the horizon of Wurtembergian Rongism, a kind of comet, whose appearance was hailed with confused acclamations by all the in-misbelievers of Germany. This man was Julian Chownitz—usually called Joseph Chovanetz—who, under this latter name, had won for himself a reputation in the romantic literature, and in the journals of that class. At that time he happened to be the conductor of a journal called the *Ulm Quick Post (Poste Accelérée d'Ulm)*, in which city he held his residence. This writer, by birth a Catholic, but not one in belief, all at once embraced Rongism, with a vehemence of zeal, and an apparent fervor, which classed him, in a trice, among the pillars of the new temple which Ronge had just raised to a system of rationalism, put forward as religious. According to his own acknowledgments, it was his disorderly conduct which successively, and after several struggles with himself, had transformed him into an enemy of that church to which his childhood, under the guidance of a mother eminently Christian, and his early youth had been profoundly devoted. The philosophy of Hegel, and afterwards that of such teachers as Bruno Bauer and Feuerbach, had, by little and little, made him fall into the vile abysses of what he himself has designated as Nihilism. "The feeling of despair," says he, a little farther on in the narrative which he has given of his wanderings, and of his conversion, "seized on my whole moral being; the abyss, the void which made my heart so desolate, completely engulfed me; to think, to investigate, even to acquire knowledge, no longer gave me any thing like repose. In this state I rushed back to precipitate myself into pleasures, and I plunged therein like a frenzied man eager to have done with life." It is in this frightful situation that Rongism, this religion of reticences and of negative suppressions appeared to him like a rock in the midst of the ocean. He grasped it, he climbed it, and he all at once found himself at the height of his luminous conceptions. He should have a revelation, but one without any force obligatory on reason, and still less on conscience; he became a German Catholic. "Nevertheless, and even in spite of his skepticism," we cite his own words, "he frequently experienced an inexplicable impulse, a sort of moral violence which forced him to go into the Catholic churches; the disbeliever was often seen on bended knees at the foot of the altars. Some called this hypocrisy; but those who reason thus know nothing of the human heart. Such a one is proudly puffed up, and makes a parade of his arrogant incredulity, who, in the solitude of his own home, feels, were it only for a few minutes, thoughts of faith in God and in his eternity; and then, in spite of him, doth a bitter sigh find vent from his unhappy bosom." Chownitz had just taken the decisive step. A pamphlet, entitled "A Defection from Rome,

promote her honor, invoke her aid in behalf of the members and of sinners, and to extend by the influence of united prayer the kingdom of Jesus Christ. This association, known as "The Archconfraternity of the holy and immaculate heart of Mary, for the conversion of sinners," although of recent origin, has already been widely extended, and every where have blessings of heaven marked its progress. We would feel ourselves wanting in fidelity to the important trust confided to us, if we did not exhort you to participate in those advantages. The holy Father himself has given his approbation to the pious and charitable enterprise, and offers to the associates many spiritual gifts in the form of indulgences. The nature of these, this is not the place to explain. It is a subject discussed in every doctrinal work, and treated not unfrequently in the pulpit. The believer will not doubt their importance, and he who estimates properly the penalty due to sin, and the rigors of divine justice after death, will not fail to avail himself of this merciful dispensation, that the period of his exile may not be protracted, that the full measure of purgatorial retribution may not be dealt out to him.

The practices required for membership in this fraternity are neither numerous nor difficult, consisting chiefly of the daily recitation of a few prayers. But it is expected that its influence will extend to a total renovation of life in those who have hitherto pursued a course of sin and neglect, and will produce new zeal and vigor in the well-disposed. Certain formalities are requisite to enter into participation of the prayers and good works of this widespread association; these will be more properly addressed to the pastors of the several churches in a special communication. Meantime we earnestly exhort both pastors and flock to take the initiatory steps to enter into membership, remembering that it is destined for the one great object of the church, the one grand purpose of the Redeemer, to promote the glory of God among men, by the accomplishment of man's salvation.

The regulations for Lent in our diocess during the present year will, as in the past, conform to those of the archdiocess.

And now, dearly beloved brethren, remember that "we are debtors, not to the flesh, to live according to the flesh. For if ye live according to the flesh, ye shall die; but if by the Spirit ye mortify the deeds of the flesh, ye shall live; for whosoever are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." "Watch ye; stand fast in the faith; do manfully, and be strengthened. Let all your actions be done in charity. . . If any man love not our Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."

RICHARD VINCENT,
Bishop of Richmond.

St. Vincent's Seminary,
Feast of St. John Chrysostom,
Jan. 27th, 1846.

DIOCESS OF CHARLESTON.—In a recent address of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Reynolds to the clergy of his diocess, he mentions the following particulars relative to the resources and wants of the extensive district under his spiritual charge.

"The difficulties, with which my lamented predecessor had to contend, are known and appreciated by few, perhaps adequately by none, not even his most devoted friends and warmest admirers. Of his administration no one can form a correct judgment; for the motives, and perhaps, uncontrollable causes of much that he did—his anticipations and ultimate intentions, were known only to himself. God, in his mysterious Providence, called him to rest from his labors and receive the reward of his zeal, without requiring the sorrows, toils, disappointments, and embarrassments which his successor so deeply feels, and which he too, notwithstanding his splendid talents and great energy of mind, would have experienced, had heaven left him still in the field of labor and of trial. He died, at the hour, truly "least expected" by others, and even by himself;—and at the very time, when the resources of his powerful mind, and his extended fame and influence seemed most necessary to devise and apply the means of paying the heavy debts he had contracted, and for accomplishing the designs and undertakings of his zeal. He left a debt of thirty-four thousand dollars, annual pensions, most justly due, to the amount of six hundred and fifty dollars;—two hundred and fifty dollars in the bank, and the same sum in the hands of his grief-stricken vicar general and administrator of the diocess. To meet the above liabilities the proceeds of all the property he had owned, and all the donations received from Europe, were by far insufficient. His successor, upon arriving in this diocess, found about fourteen thousand dollars of debts

unpaid, besides the annuities above mentioned,—without property, without income from any source; without means of support for himself and for the few clerical students—other than the voluntary contributions of the Catholics of the diocess—few in number, poor in worldly goods, and scattered over a territory of one hundred and sixty-three thousand square miles.

"The three states composing this diocess contain a population of (including persons of color and slaves) upwards of two millions; and of this population not more than twelve thousand are Catholics, counting children, slaves, and colored persons. Of the Catholics, very few are wealthy, and of these few, some, alas! are only nominal members of our church. The priests on the missions have immense labors, in a sickly climate, and several of them do not receive enough for the necessities of life. Hence, I am forced to use the greater part of the small (proportionably very small) appropriations from Europe, to support the seminary and the priests on the mission. And yet I have the pleasure of informing you that, through the exceeding liberality of the people of this diocess and with the aid that I have received from abroad, the bishop's debt is now reduced to the sum of five thousand dollars.

"In Charleston and Charleston Neck, there are not Catholics enough to form one numerous congregation; and yet, circumstances beyond the control, most probably, of my predecessor, induced the erection of three churches—two in the city, and one on Charleston Neck, thus dividing and thereby diminishing the means of maintaining these churches and their respective pastors.

"The present cathedral, sinking into decay beyond the possibility of repair, has only sixty pews, and of these, six or seven are generally not rented. The house occupied as a seminary is actually falling into ruins, and is not only uncomfortable, but unhealthy and unsafe.

"The present cathedral, seminary, house of the bishop, and lot on which these buildings stand, were, a few days since, valued by gentlemen entirely disinterested, and of much experience and long residence here, at nine thousand dollars. This valuation I requested to be made to obviate, if possible, the erroneous statements regarding this property, and from sources we should have little expected, making it worth one hundred and fifty thousand dollars!

"*These are facts;* and yet there are some who say that we are well off, and have more abundant means than many of the other diocesses of this ecclesiastical province. I acknowledge, and with feelings of gratitude and admiration, that in this city and several other parts of the diocess, the generosity of the Catholic people, and, on some occasions, of our separated brethren, is almost unbounded. In no part of America, or Europe, are the Catholics and people, in general, so liberal as in Charleston and the greater portion of my diocess. They are a generous and noble-minded people; and would that I might acknowledge these dispositions in some way more adequate to their merits and just to my own feelings, than the poor tribute offered by this expression of my grateful regard!"

Diocess of Pittsburg.—*Ordination.*—On Thursday, 18th ult., tonsure and minor orders were conferred by the bishop after mass, in the cathedral, on Mr. Richard O'Conner, a student of the theological seminary.

On Saturday of quarter tense, Messrs. Richard O'Conner and Michael Malone, of the seminary, were raised to the sacred order of subdeacon. Rev. John Berbigier, a native of France, and adopted for the diocess of Pittsburg, was promoted to deaconship, at the request of the bishop of the diocess.—*Catholic Herald.*

Diocess of Cincinnati.—*Conversion.*—The pastor of one of the German Lutheran churches in this city, Rev. Mr. Straeder, bade farewell to his congregation and Protestantism on last Sunday. He had been sent out to this country by an evangelical missionary society of Berlin. He is a gentleman of good talents and scholarship, and having applied his mind to an investigation of the great and sacred subject of divine truth, he was led by the grace of our Lord into the bosom of the only true church. There is one circumstance connected with this happy conversion which is not undeserving of notice. When the Presbyterians sold the church in which he preached to the German Lutherans, they had a clause inserted, reserving to themselves the right to re-enter on the property should the Lutherans ever sell it to the Roman Catholics!!! This clause, we imagine, would not hold good in law; but it serves to show what our Calvinistic friends would do if they had the power. It is not probable that we would purchase the edifice

if desired; we have taken what is infinitely better—the able man who preached in it. To avoid the excitement and agitation produced by his change, we understand he has removed, for the present, to Louisville, where he will make his public profession of faith, and receive the sacraments which will unite him to his Creator and Saviour. We believe it is his intention to prepare himself for the ministry.—*Cath. Telegraph.*

Diocess of Philadelphia.—During the past week Mr. Monachesi has finished the interior adornments of St. Mary's church, which now present to the eye of the beholder a combination of rare artistic skill and refined beauty, well calculated to inspire feelings of piety and admiration. Perhaps it is not saying too much, that the interior decorations which beautify and adorn St. Mary's church are unsurpassed by any other church in the union.—*C. Her.*

Diocess of Boston.—*Bishop Fenwick.*—We regret to learn that the health of Bishop Fenwick is in a very feeble condition. Fears are entertained that the disease with which he is afflicted will prove fatal.

Diocess of Louisville.—*The Jesuits.*—Our readers are already aware, from a previous number of the Advocate, that the Jesuits have resolved to abandon their enterprise of founding one of their colleges in this city. From information which we thought certain, though not official, we stated that they would probably remove to New York.

We have now official authority for saying that they have not only determined to leave Louisville, but what is still more to be regretted, to leave Kentucky, and remove to New York. Thus will the diocess be deprived of a body of learned priests, and of two literary institutions which could have prospered and done good service to the cause of education.

It is natural to inquire what may be the reason of this move? The chief reason seems to be that their new destination presents a more advantageous field for their exertions, with greater seeming facilities for usefulness and success. No doubt the superiors, who have decided upon this measure, have considered the reasons for and against it, and as their decision has been made and announced to the bishop, it would be useless now to discuss the question whether or not they have decided *wisely.*—*Cath. Advocate.*

Diocess of Vincennes.—*Retreat.*—On the 22d of April next an ecclesiastical retreat will be opened at Vincennes under the direction of Very Rev. Father Timon, C. M., to be terminated on the 29th of the same month. The Right Rev. Bishop of Vincennes expects to meet all the clergy of his diocess on this interesting occasion, and he requests the Catholics, in their prayers, to implore the grace of the divine Spirit in behalf of those who shall thus be assembled for self-examination, holy meditation, instruction, and prayer.—*Cath. Ad.*

Diocess of Chicago.—*Ordination.*—We learn that on Sunday, the 11th of January, the Rt. Rev. Wm. Quarter held an ordination in the cathedral of St. Mary, when Mr. Patrick James McLaughlin received the tonsure, minor orders, and subdeaconship; on the 13th the holy order of deaconship, and on the 15th the same Rev. gentleman was raised to the dignity of the priesthood.

University of St. Mary of the Lake and Ecclesiastical Seminary.—We understand that the work is progressing with great rapidity on these institutions; and that it is hoped they will be entirely finished about the 1st of May or June. A more commodious edifice, for literary purposes, it is said, will not be found in these United States than the university of St. Mary of the Lake. The liberal charter, granted by the legislature of the state of Illinois, empowers the faculty of the university to confer any degrees upon its alumni that could be conferred in any other university in the United States. We have no doubt that the university of St. Mary of the Lake, at Chicago, will be a favorite institution before many years will have rolled by—and will receive very liberal patronage. We can learn from different sources that the institution is already governed by a president of superior literary acquirements, and that the professors he has united with him are highly qualified for the various departments they are appointed to fill. Chicago is already a city of much commercial importance. In two years more, or perhaps less, when the canal is finished, it will have a water communication, uninterrupted, to St. Louis—and with the railroad, that is soon to be commenced, to Galena, it can not fail to advance in wealth, increase rapidly in population; and to hold such a position amongst the largest cities of the United States, as is unprecedented in the history of any city of its age in the universe. Illinois, the peculiarly favorable

position of the city, that gives it these advantages, is not only beautifully situated, but unsurpassed in healthfulness of climate. Could there be a more desirable place for a literary institution? Hence we predict a career of much success, as well as of much usefulness, for the new *university of St. Mary of the Lake at Chicago, Illinois.—Truth Teller.*

Diocess of St. Louis.—*New Churches.*—We learn with pleasure that several new churches are in progress of erection in some of the important towns bordering on the Missouri river. A chapel has recently been opened at Independence, Jackson county, on a valuable property, purchased for ecclesiastical purposes, and the Rev. B. Donnelly appointed the first pastor. A new church is about to be commenced in the flourishing town of St. Joseph, Buchanan county, and the Rev. Thos. Scanlan has been appointed the first pastor. The fathers of the Society of Jesus are erecting new churches in the towns of Marshall, Saline county, and in Washington, Franklin county: the former is attended by the Rev. F. Di Maria, S. J., and the latter by the Rev. A. Eysvogels, S. J. The numerous Catholic emigrants who are now in our city, and, at the opening of navigation, intend to settle in the fertile counties bordering on the Missouri river, would do well to select such places as where themselves and their children will not be deprived of church and Christian instruction. The following counties, bordering on the Missouri river, are now regularly attended by missionaries: St. Charles, Franklin, Gasconade, Osage, Cole, Cooper, Saline, Lafayette, Jackson, Clay, Platte, Buchanan and Holt.—*News Letter.*

Diocess of Little Rock.—*Education.*—A new seminary has been opened for the reception of students in the town of Little Rock, Arkansas, under the immediate patronage of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Byrne, bishop of the diocess. The course of instruction will comprise all that is requisite to prepare youth for mercantile pursuits, as well as for the learned professions. As regards the character of the education, it will be rendered in every respect equal to that which is afforded in our best colleges. The personal comfort of the pupils will be carefully attended to, while their morals are guarded by a mild, but steady discipline. Terms are moderate. The institution will be under the Presidency of the Very Rev. Mr. Monaghan. The Catholic public, we hope, will show their appreciation of the responsibility under which they lie to educate their offspring in the knowledge of their religion and observance of its precepts, by committing their education to hands so capable of faithfully administering the trust.—*Freeman's Journal.*

Vicariate Apostolic of Oregon.—We learn with pleasure that a large and beautiful church, to which a convenient parsonage house is attached, is nearly completed in Oregon city, and will be ready for divine service on the arrival of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Blanchet, who is shortly expected to return from Europe. This church, erected through the zeal and energy of the Rev. Modest Demers, V. G., is an ornament to that city, which is the centre of the American population, and is destined to be the capital of the new territorial government.—*Cath. News Letter.*

☞ The Rt. Rev. Dr. Hughes, bishop of N. York, (says the *Dublin Freeman,*) celebrated the eight o'clock mass in the church of SS. Michael and John, Lower Exchange street, Dublin, on Christmas day; and at high mass preached a most powerful, clear, solid, and argumentative sermon on the all-engrossing and all-consoling mystery of the incarnation.

The Provincial Council.—*Notice.*—The Rt. Rev. the Bishops and the Clergy who will attend the Provincial Council in May, and who may not yet have provided themselves with suitable lodgings during their stay in Baltimore, are respectfully informed that arrangements will be made for their comfortable accommodation. The Catholics of our city will consider themselves highly honored by the opportunity thus afforded them of tendering that cordial hospitality which distinguished them on former occasions. The Fathers and theologians of the council, whom this notification may concern, are requested to make early application to the Most Rev. Archbishop Eccleston, the Rev. H. B. Coskery, or the Rev. Charles I. White.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Knowledge is Power.—The following paragraph we have cut from an article in the *Iris or Odd Fellows' Mirror,* Jan. 17th, purporting to have been written by *inexpertus juvenis,* which means *an inexperienced youth.*

"As proof of the maxim that 'knowledge is power,' we refer to the gloomiest period in the

history of the world's degradation; the period historically known as the dark ages. When cassocked priests and cloistered monks, within the narrow confines of chapel or monastery, held the boundaries of knowledge. Why did these men so carefully watch the germinating of an effort upon the part of the people to obtain knowledge? For well they knew that 'ignorance is the mother of devotion.' That to maintain their supremacy, the people must be kept in darkness; that 'knowledge is power, that it makes its possessor powerful to cast down the barriers of tyranny, and to prostrate the towering fabric of superstition.'"

The *inexperience* of the writer may lead his readers to compassionate the ignorance which is accumulated in these few lines; but it is impossible for them not to perceive that if the youth has failed to prove his proposition by the example of the middle ages, he has proved the reverse of it in his own case, and has demonstrated very luminously that ignorance is the parent of nonsense.

Ecclesiastical Statistics.—We have been kindly furnished by a friend with the following interesting table. "It has been compiled with much care from the census recently taken in the state of New York, pursuant to a law of that state, and is believed to be entirely correct."—*Banner of the Cross.*

Statement showing the denomination and number of all the churches, the cost of church buildings, the cost of other improvements, and the cost of real estate belonging thereto, in the state of New York, compiled from the census of that state for the year 1845.

Denominations.	*No. of Churches.*	*Cost of Churches.*	*Cost of other Improvem'ts.*	*Cost of Real estate.*
Baptist, - - -	785	$1,909,678	$158,354	$379,073
Episcopalian, - -	268	1,295,804	187,272	533,649
Presbyterian, - -	669	2,419,200	250,125	519,121
Congregational, - -	275	636,982	50,324	116,305
Methodist, - - -	1123	1,994,442	157,891	419,705
Roman Catholic, - -	103	655,140	75,323	248,896
Dutch Reformed, - -	255	1,277,608	114,463	365,478
Universalist, - -	114	290,467	17,126	54,934
Unitarian, - - -	67	168,269	14,354	19,604
Jewish, - - - -	7	71,800	7,500	17,000
Quaker, - - - -	154	156,403	19,214	84,367
Christian, - - -	1	900	224	"
Lutheran, - - -	5	13,850	1,500	450
Not stated, - - -	4	6,550	4,580	150
Union, - - - -	4	5,130	200	45
Total, - - -	3885	$10,922,523	$1,058,960	$2,758,747
Aggregate invested in churches as above, - - - -				$14,740,230
Amount of compensation paid clergymen, including perquisites and use of real estate during the year 1845, -				$1,531,231

Statistics of European Capitals.—The capital of Great Britain has a population estimated at 2,000,000 of souls, exclusive of strangers. Strange to say, and we could hardly credit the fact if it was not credibly demonstrated, the number of beds in the London hospitals is not in proportion with that of the other capitals of Europe, comparatively to their respective populations. The London hospitals contain only 5,000 beds. Its mortality amounts yearly to 45,000 inhabitants, or to 123 daily. In 1800 the population of that metropolis was only 1,200,000 souls, the mortality 22,000, and the number of beds 4,350. Thus, whilst the population and mortality increased in the last forty-five years by nearly one half, the number of beds in the hospitals augmented by one-seventh. There exists, it is true, in London, a number of charitable institutions, and many manufactories have infirmaries, in which the workmen who have the means of being attended at home, or who dislike entering hospitals, find medical relief. The population of Paris now exceeds 900,000. The number of beds in the hospitals is 10,000, and the mortality, as compared with London, nearly the same, or sixty per day. The population of Vienna is 330,000 souls; the number of beds in the hospitals 5,700, and the annual mortality 17,000. At Berlin the population is 365,000 inhabitants, the number of beds 3,000, and the annual mortality 9,000. At St. Petersburg the population is 476,000 inhabitants, the number of beds in the hospitals 9,000, and the annual mortality 11,000. At Warsaw the population is 150,000, and the number of beds in the hospitals 4,000. It results from these returns that Paris is, after London, the capital offering the smallest proportion of beds in the hospitals.—*Courier Francais.*

Church Bells.—An English writer, in an article on the subject of bells, says that they were formerly baptized, anointed, exorcised and blessed by the bishop of the diocess. This simply means that bells were consecrated as they are now. The favorite appellation of Tom, applied to several large bells, arose probably from their having been named in honor of Thomas A'Beckett. The practice of consecrating bells is very ancient in the church. Their uses are described in the following lines:

Funera plango, fulgura frango, Sabbata pango
Excito lentos, dissipo ventos, paco et amentes.

Thus translated by Fuller:

Funera plango.	Men's death I tell By doleful knell.
Fulgura frango.	Lightning and thunder. I break asunder.
Sabbata pango.	On Sabbath, all To church I call.
Excito lentos.	The sleepy head I raise from bed.
Dissipo ventos.	The winds so fierce I do disperse.
Paco et amentes.	Men's cruel rage I do assuage.

Laudo Deum verum, plebem voco, congrego clerum, defunctos ploro, pestem fugo, festa decoro—that is, I praise the true God, call the people, convene clergy, lament the dead, dispel pestilence, and grace festivals.

Population of Europe.

Year.	*States.*	*Population.*	*Capitals.*	*Population.*
1840	Austria,	36,950,401	Vienna,	333,818
1840	Bavaria,	4,370,977	Munich,	118,000
	Belgium,	4,242,600	Brussels,	130,000
1840	Denmark,	2,131,988	Copenhagen,	145,000
1841	France,	34,213,929	Paris,	1,000,000
1841	G. Brit. and Ireland,	27,019,672	London,	1,873,676
	Greece,	926,000	Athens,	15,000
1842	Hanover,	1,755,592	Hanover,	40,000
1840	Holland,	2,865,749	The Hague,	60,000
	Ionian isles (Republic),	208,100	Corfu,	17,000
1841	Portugal,	3,737,103	Lisbon,	298,000
1840	Prussia,	14,987,949	Berlin,	311,491
	Papal States,	2,732,436	Rome,	224,000
1842	Russia,	48,000,000	St. Petersburg,	445,514
	Sardinia,	4,168,797	Turin,	143,000
1840	Saxony,	1,706,276	Dresden,	74,122
	Two Sicilies,	7,975,850	Naples,	410,000
	Spain,	12,286,941	Madrid,	250,000
1835	Sweden & Norway,	4,220,266	Stockholm,	81,638
	Switzerl'd, (Republic)	2,125,480	Berne,	20,000
	Turkey,	9,545,000	Constantinople,	800,000
	Tuscany,	1,436,785	Florence,	80,000
1842	Wurtemburg,	1,713,518	Stutgard,	40,000
	Smaller states,	6,981,329		

Religious Worship in France.—The Paris *Presse* publishes the following account of the mode in which religious worship in France is regulated and supported by the government:—"The administration of religious worship, after having formed part of the ministry of public instruction until the year 1828, and subsequently part of the ministry of the interior, was definitively annexed to the department of justice in 1834. The following is the amount of the expenses of religious worship for the year 1846. (Catholic worship.) France is divided, as regards religion, into 80 diocesses, at the head of each of which is placed a bishop with the following pension: Archbishop of Paris 40,000f.; 4 archbishops, with 15,000f. each; 65 bishops with 10,000f. each. The archbishops and bishops are nominated by the king, before whom they take the oaths, when the bulls by which they are appointed have been verified and registered by the council of state. But it is from the pope they receive their canonical institution. The bishops appoint the vicars-general together with the parish priests, but those appointments are submitted to the king for his approbation. Independently of their fixed pensions, the archbishop of Lyons and the bishop of Arras receive each, as cardinal, an increased pension of 10,000f. annually. The pension of the parish priests of the first class, those directing parishes containing more than 5,000 souls, is fixed by law at 1,500f. (60*l.* British), and those of the second class at 1,200f. (48*l.* British.) The curates are paid according to their age. Those aged 70 and upwards, 1,000f.; those from 60 to 70 years of age, 900f.; and those under 60 years of age 800f. per annum. The Protestant church is composed of nine clergymen, residing in Paris, who receive 3,000f. per annum, 64 in the provinces who receive 2,000f., 102 who receive 1,800f., and 522 who receive 1.500f. The ministers of the Jewish faith are paid by the state in the same manner as the Catholics and Protestants. The grand rabbi of Paris receives 6,000f. Seven grand rabbis in the departments 3,000f. each. A sum of 73,400f. is divided amongst 100 officiating ministers or rabbis, whose salaries vary from 300f. to 1,000f. The service of the different religious societies amounts for the year 1846 to the sum of 37,684,350f.—viz: Catholic worship, 36,318,900f.; Protestant, 1,255,050f.; Israelite, 110,400f. From the 1st of July, 1830, to the 1st of July, 1843, the donations made, and the legacies bequeathed to the different religious congregations amounted to 4,774,000f."—*London paper.*

The North American Protestant.—This is the imposing title of an anti-popery sheet recently started in New York, by the notorious Sparry. The paper is vile and contemptible enough in itself; but the name of the Rev. C. Sparry, as editor, is a superabundant evidence that the publication, if an exponent of North American Protestantism, is not at least the organ of those Protestants who have some regard for truth and decency.

Munificent Donation.—A subscription has recently been set on foot to obtain funds for erecting a college for the Jesuits in this city. The donations have been very liberal,

and among others Oliver Berthelet, Esq., has subscribed £1,600. There will be no demand for government assistance, and we understand that the sum required for the erection of suitable buildings has been obtained, or will be very soon, on the voluntary principle. *Montreal Pilot.*

PAUPERS IN MASSACHUSETTS.—The Secretary of the commonwealth has prepared an abstract of pauper returns for 1845, in all the towns but *eleven* in the state, which exhibits the following results:

Paupers relieved or supported,....14,161
Having legal settlements in towns,..7,871
Paupers supported by the state,....5,837
State paupers who are foreigners,..3,582
Insane relieved, or supported,.....619
Idiots, " " 385
Made paupers by *intemperance*,....6,854

Net expense of supporting all paupers $301,360, of which amount the state pays $50,168.

There are 187 alms-houses in the state, in which there have been 6,579 persons the past year, of whom 3,335 are unable to labor, supported at an average weekly expense of 87 cents. There have been 6,974 persons aided or supported out of the alms-house, at an average weekly expense of 82 cents. The estimated value of labor performed in alms-houses, has been $21,691.

The above presents a horrid picture of poverty amongst ourselves, but, bad as it is, we believe the statement looks better than any other state in the union can present. Nearly one half of the paupers have become so by intemperance.—*Boston Times.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We have received the following papers, which will all appear in the Magazine, as soon as space will permit.

1. *The Artist, the Merchant, and the Statesman*, a review of Mr. Lester's book with the same title.

2. *On the use of the Latin language in the service of the church;* a vindication of the Catholic liturgy.

3. *Mozart and his Works*, a review of Mr. Holmes' recent Life of Mozart, presenting an outline of the great composer's brief, but eventful career.

4. *The Pope and the Czar*, a poetical effusion from a familiar friend of the muses.

5. *The Alchemist*, another poem from a favorite pen.

We cheerfully comply with the request to exchange with the *Christian Examiner and Religious Miscellany.*

MARRIAGES.

Feb. 10th, were married in the cathedral of Baltimore, by the M. Rev. Archbishop Eccleston, Col. SOLOMON HILLEN, to EMILY, eldest daughter of General O'Donnell.

Feb. 15th, by the Rev. Charles I. White, Captain CHARLES PENDERGAST to ROSANNA LAFFERTY.

Feb. 19th, by the same, Dr. ROBERT A. DURKEE, to LOUISA R. DUBERNAT.

On Tuesday, the 19th inst., by Rev. Mr. Hickey, ROBERT JAMISON to Miss CATHARINE MATHEWS, all of this city.

On Tuesday, the 17th inst., by Rev. Mr. McColgan, ZACKARIAS THOMPSON to ELIZABETH RIGGER, all of this city.

On the 16th inst., by Rev. Mr. McColgan, BENJN. P. POWER to ELIZABETH, daughter of the late Richard B. Spalding.

On the 19th inst., by the same, THOMAS B. ROBINSON to ANN A. MARY SHIPLY.

On the 19th inst., by Rev. Charles I. White, BENJAMIN A. WILLINGHAM to ANN REBECCA MCGREAVY of Baltimore county.

On Sunday, 22d inst., by Rev. Mr. Dolan, PATRICK MCDONALD to MARY A. BETTS, all of this city.

OBITUARY.

Died, on the 23d ult., at St. Magdalen's convent, in the 24th year of her age, Sister BEAVIN CARNEY. In death she was full of the hope which a life of innocence and holiness inspires. She retained through life the artless simplicity of her childhood; was amiable and accomplished, and an example of every Christian virtue. *May she rest in peace.*

On the 20th February, Mr. CHARLES KEENAN, aged 24 years.

The deceased was of an amiable disposition, and possessed fine talents, which were occasionally displayed in poetical contributions to this Magazine. In paying this brief tribute to his memory, it is most consoling to record the fact of his having departed this life with the sentiments and hopes of the true Christian.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Derby Publications. Thomas Richardson & Son.

We are indebted to the kindness of Mr. Cunningham for the following excellent productions of the Derby press.

1. Parts 9, 10, 11, 12 and 13 of the *Catholic Weekly Instructor*, a very interesting and instructive periodical.

2. *The Angel of Consolation*, translated from the French. 18mo.

3. *The Strawberries*, with other tales, translated from the French. 18mo.

4. *Hans the Miser*, with other narratives. 18mo.

5. *The Adopted Son*, from the German, and *The Usher's Horse*, from the French. 18mo.

6. *The Chapel of the Forest*, and *The Robin Redbreast*, from the German of Schmid. 18mo.

7. *The Hop Blossoms*, from the German of Schmid. 18mo.

8. *The Easter Eggs*, from the German of Schmid. 18mo.

All the above mentioned tales are of a moral character, and abound in wholesome instruction conveyed under the most pleasing form.

Hell opened to Christians, to caution them from entering into it, &c., *written in Italian by F. Pinamonti, S. J.* Philadelphia: Henry McGrath. 32mo.

Conformity to the Will of God, translated from the Italian of St. Alphonsus Liguori. By Rev. James Jones. Philadelphia: Henry McGrath. 32mo.

Two admirable little volumes, by authors whose high reputation in the teaching of spirituality is itself an ample guarantee of their great merit and utility. The publication of these small standard works, on moral subjects, is a valuable service to religion, inasmuch as it facilitates and encourages the practice of pious reading and meditation among the faithful.

Catalogue of works in refutation of Methodism, from its origin in 1792, *to the present time*, &c. Compiled by H. C. Decanver. Phila: J. Pennington. 8vo. pp. 54.

The compiler of this work conceives that he has found some compensation for his labor, in the fact of his having collected materials that may be useful to the student of ecclesiastical history. Though the members of the Methodist sect will not thank him for having arrayed, as it were, a phalanx of enemies against them, with few comparatively to stand up in their defence, it must be confessed that he has rendered a good service to literature, in furnishing a list of the various works written against Methodism. The catalogue embraces *two hundred and seventy-seven* anti-Methodistical works, *fifty-five* by Methodist authors, *eighty-two* miscellaneous, and *twenty* political. Among the volumes mentioned in the collection, we find the following very significant title: "AN OLD FOX TARRED AND FEATHERED," occasioned by what is called Mr. *John Wesley's Calm Address* to our American colonies; by a Hanoverian: London, 1775, 12mo. This catalogue is executed in a very handsome style.

The Rosarist's Companion, or Manual of Devout Exercises, &c. Chicago: C. McDonnel. Balto: John Murphy. 32mo. Pp. 254.

This is a very useful manual, comprising, in addition to the ordinary devotions for every day and for Sundays, the prayers and exercises of the various confraternities established among the faithful of the Catholic church. Though the table of festivals and fasts does not apply to the eastern diocesses, the book will be found a great convenience to those who belong to different associations of piety, and to Catholics in general. It contains also several forms of blessing which clergymen have frequently occasion to use.

Accompaniment to Mitchell's New Map of Texas, Oregon and California, with the regions adjoining. Phila: Augustus Mitchell.

The countries which are here exhibited by an excellent chart and an historical and descriptive sketch, have become such objects of interest to the inhabitants of the United States, that a publication like the present must necessarily commend itself to general favor.

Lives of the Saints. By the Rev. Alban Butler. Baltimore: Metropolitan Press.

We have received No. VII of this standard work, which is issued with great punctuality by the publishers. This number commences the third volume.

Report of the Mount Hope Institution for the year 1845. By William H. Stokes, M. D., Physician. Baltimore: Metropolitan Press. Pp. 41.

We are indebted for this pamphlet to the kind attention of the author. The information which it contains is of too interesting a nature, to be alluded to in a cursory notice, and for this reason we shall lay before our readers in a future number of the Magazine, some remarks in reference to the flourishing institution at Mount Hope, and its claims upon the attention of the public.

Composed expressly for the U. S. Catholic Magazine.

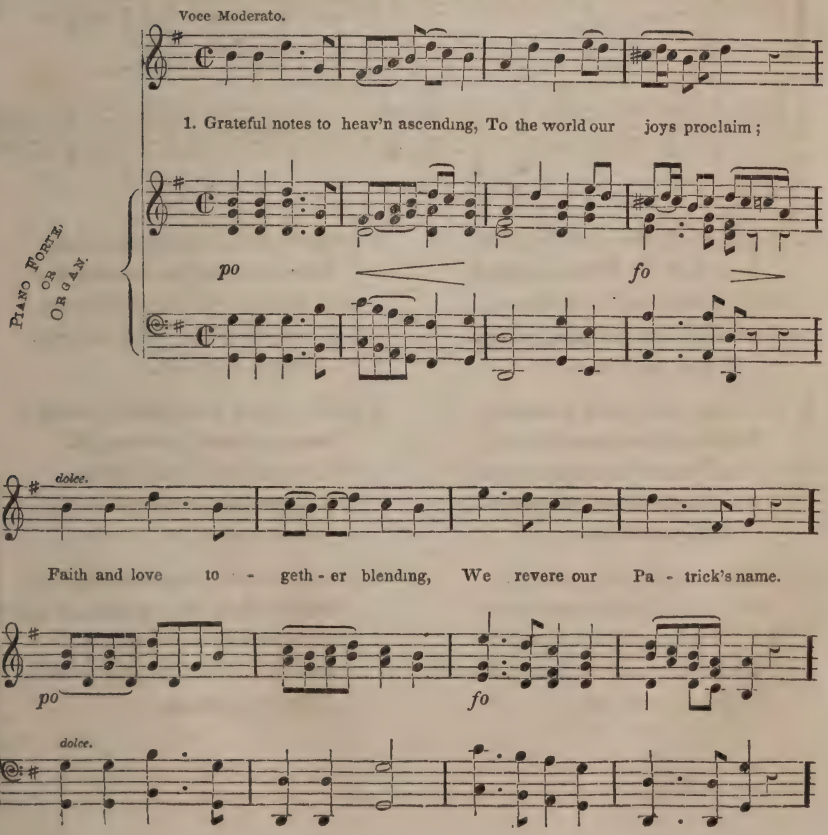
SAINT PATRICK'S HYMN.

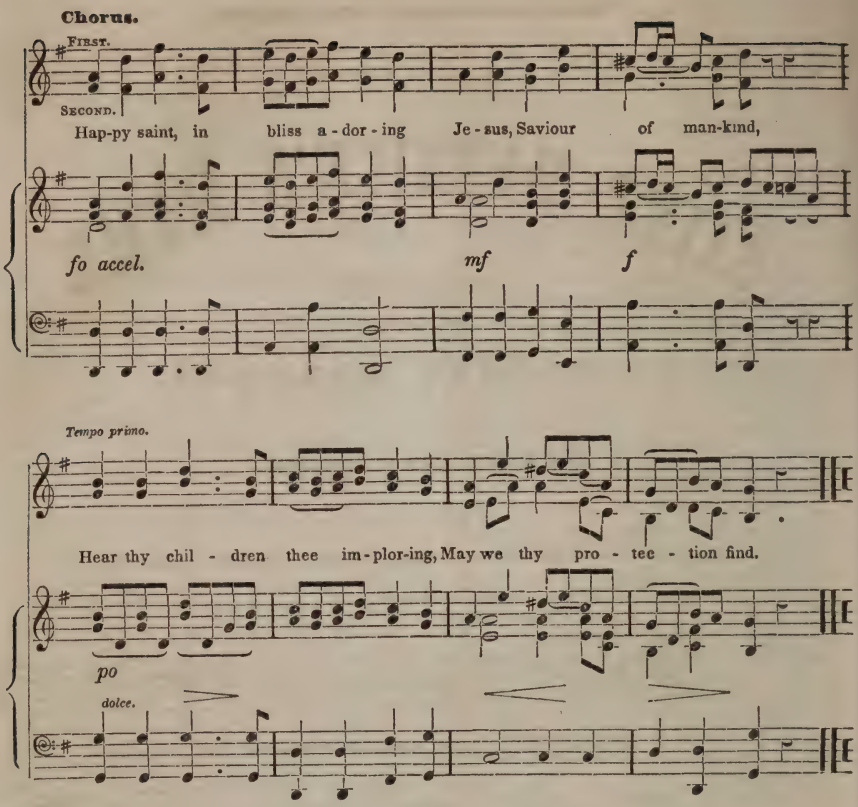
MUSIC BY

PROFESSOR DIELMAN,

OF MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

[For another Melody to these words see Abridgment Manual of Catholic Melodies, p. 197.]


Voce Moderato.
1. Grateful notes to heav'n ascending, To the world our joys proclaim;
PIANO FORTE. OR ORGAN.
po
fo
dolce.
Faith and love to - geth - er blending, We revere our Pa - trick's name.
po
fo
dolce.


Chorus.
First.
Second.
Hap-py saint, in bliss a - dor - ing Je - sus, Saviour of man-kind,
fo accel.
mf
f
Tempo primo.
Hear thy chil - dren thee im - plor-ing, May we thy pro - tec - tion find.
po
dolce.

2. Pagan priests their dark delusion
Long had o'er Hibernia spread;
Patrick came, and in confusion,
Demons from his presence fled.
Happy saint, &c.

3. Lo! their infant arms extending,
Erin's children crave his aid;
To their wants the saint attending,
Soon the heav'nly call obey'd.
Happy saint, &c.

4. Prisons, insults, ev'ry danger,
On our prelate's mission wait;
But the saint, to fear a stranger,
Trusts to bounteous Heav'n his fate.
Happy saint, &c.

5. Sickness flies, his voice obeying,
Blindness sees the cheering day;
And the pow'r of God displaying,
Death unwilling yields his prey.
Happy saint, &c.

6. Erin's chiefs, with wonder, seeing
Senseless idols prostrate fall,
Own the author of their being,
And proclaim him Lord of all.
Happy saint, &c.

7. Now in blissful mansions reigning,
Deign, bright saint, to hear our prayer;
Grace divine for us obtaining,
Heav'nly blessings make us share.
Happy saint, &c.

T. F. Giraud del. J.B. Neagle Sc.

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